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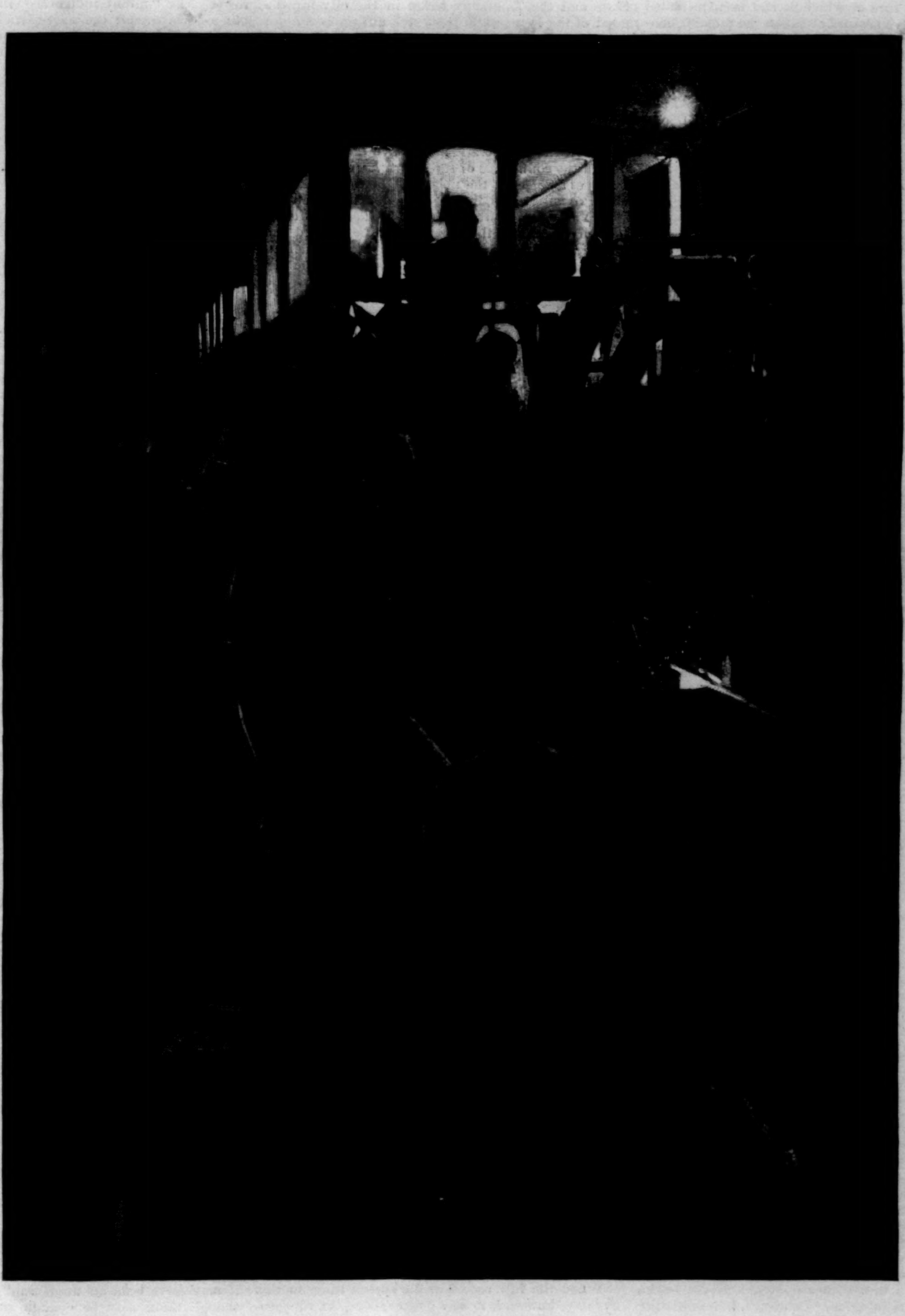

WELDING STEEL RAILS BY ELECTRICITY.—DRAWN BY T. DART WALKER.—[SEE PAGE 1012.]

A NIGHT SCENE ON THE BROOKLYN TROLLEY LINES.

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WHAT TRUE DEMOCRATS SHOULD DO.

THE Democratic party is passing through a crisis. The misdoings of some of its leaders, and the corrupt practices of some local organizations belonging to it, have in some places excited a righteous wrath against it. The dissensions among its Senators and its representatives in Congress concerning the principal objects to which it stood pledged and for the furtherance of which it had been intrusted with power, have seriously shaken the popular confidence in its good faith and in its capacity to conduct the government. It has already suffered various defeats in several States, and in all probability the number of those defeats will be considerably augmented at the November elections. In fact, we may regard it as reasonably certain that the Democrats will come forth from those elections as a very severely punished party. The question is only what may be saved from the wreck, and whether things might not be so managed as to bring the Democratic party out of its reverses in a condition enabling it to recover its good name and to retrieve its fortunes. In other words, may not the inevitable defeat, instead of becoming a paralyzing disaster of enduring consequences, be turned into a regenerating process, giving increased promise of future usefulness and success?

The first thing needful is to ascertain what is the real trouble with the Democratic party. It consists not in its principles and professed aims. They are good, and have within the last four years twice received emphatic popular approval at the ballot-box. As to the point of greatest immediate importance, the people are ready for an essential change in our tariff policy, and we have no doubt that, if the McKinley tariff and the Wilson tariff could upon their own merits be submitted to a vote of the people, the McKinley tariff would be condemned and the Wilson tariff sustained by a decisive majority. As to the currency question, the two political parties are in certain sections of the country equally unsound; but on the whole the Democrats, the correct and firm attitude of President Cleveland notwithstanding, have managed to render themselves more distrusted than the Republicans. The main trouble, however, is that while of late years a large number of patriotic and public-spirited men, old and young, who formerly had been associated with the Republicans, have supported Democratic policies as better suited to the exigencies of the times, and while with the aid of these new elements Mr. Cleveland, as the representative of the honest and progressive Democracy, has twice been elected President, the fresh moral impulses thus given were to a large extent baffled, and the attainment of the high objects aimed at frustrated, by the power still wielded in the Democratic party by self-seeking machine politicians in places of influence, and by organizations of mercenaries exercising local control in a manner creating general scandal. It is certainly true that at present the hard times are against the Democratic party. But the party would have a good fighting chance had not the performances of the Hills and the Gormans and the Brices and the Smiths in Congress disgusted the whole country, and had not the stench rising from Tammany Hall made every self-respecting American hold his nose. And just such persons and organizations are now clamorously demanding that for the good of the Democratic party they should be sustained.

Nothing can surpass the effrontery of such a demand coming from a man like David B. Hill or from Tammany Hall. Every well-informed person knows that there is not a member of the Democratic party who has done it more harm than Hill—not even Gorman, which is saying much; that Hill's political methods may sometimes have helped him, but are such as finally to demoralize and ruin any party; that he has always been ready to sacrifice anything to his selfish ambition; that if two years ago he had succeeded by his "snap" scheme to obtain the Presidential nomination, the party would have been utterly wrecked; that by forcing Maynard upon his party in this State he put it in the most vulnerable attitude, and rushed it into the most humiliating defeat it had suffered for many and many a year; that the last National Democratic Convention treated him with a contempt never before visited upon any prominent Democrat, in nominating for the Presidency his competitor against the unanimous voice of the delegation from his own State; that he was excluded from the Democratic caucus of the Senate because of his open treachery to the leading Democratic measure; that, in general, he is the recognized patron and representative of all that is selfish, unscrupulous, tricky, and demoralizing in politics; and that the Democratic party cannot support him without making its own his record and the political tendencies he stands for. As to Tammany, everybody that has ever done any campaigning for Democratic candidates in the interior of this State or outside of it, knows that Tammany Hall has for many years been the heaviest burden the Democratic party had to carry; that its bad name has frightened away from the Democratic organization thousands upon thousands of good citizens all over the country, who otherwise would have been glad to join it; and that, had the Democratic party never received a Tammany vote, it would be infinitely stronger in the nation, morally as well as numerically. These are indisputable facts.

When under such circumstances it is now pretended that Democrats must vote the Hill ticket in the State and the Tammany ticket in the city for the good of the Democratic party, the answer is simple: The good of the Democratic party demands not that Hill and Tammany be sustained and that their pernicious power be perpetuated, but that they be politically killed and buried out of sight. And the good of the Democratic party further demands that this should be done in as direct and demonstrative a manner as possible by the Democrats themselves, for only then will the Democratic party have the full benefit of it in the confidence of the country. It is true this involves a defeat of the tickets of the regular Democratic organizations in the State and in the city of New York. Of course it does. Things have come to such a pass that the party cannot be purified and inspired with new vitality without such a defeat. Nothing could be more preposterous than the cry raised by the Hill machine and Tammany, and echoed by some more honest Democrats who have not the courage of their better impulses, that a Democratic defeat in New York this year would lead inevitably to a Democratic defeat in the Presidential election two years hence. History gives this assumption the lie direct. There have been many instances of one party succeeding in New York one year and of the opposite party succeeding in the Presidential election one or two years afterwards. As to the present case, the Democratic party will enter the next Presidential campaign morally much stronger and with a much greater claim upon the popular confidence if it now throws Hill and Tammany overboard, than it will if it keeps Hill and Tammany at the helm. The defeat of Hill and Tammany will therefore not mean illness, but returning health. Nor can we appreciate the odd confusion of ideas of so-called reform Democrats who have concluded to oppose Tammany and to support Hill, while Hill is Tammany personified, and would transform the whole Democratic State organization into an enlarged Tammany if he could. Their attitude is weakness carried to the point of absurdity.

But, fortunately, the downfall of Hill as well as of Tammany appears as good as assured. Every true Democrat will see to it that their defeat will not be at the same time a defeat of true Democracy, but rather the triumph of the spirit of reform and regeneration in it. This can be accomplished by letting the American people know that Hill and Tammany were buried not only under Republican but under Democratic votes. The Democratic Reform Organization, with Everett P. Wheeler as its standard-bearer, has evidently sounded the true Democratic bugle-call. Here is an organization composed of honorable men. Here is a platform embodying everything that is good and noble in the Democratic faith. Here is a candidate whose high character and unimpeachable record deserve and enjoy the esteem and confidence of all. Here is the nucleus of a party which from the cataclysm destroying Hill and Tammany should emerge as the Democratic party of the future.

MR. WILSON'S SPEECH IN ENGLAND.

THE protection newspapers in the United States were filled with joy when it was announced that the Democratic chairman of the Ways and Means Committee had been entertained at dinner in England, and that he had made a speech on the tariff in the presence of his hosts. One organ intimated that the affair was a family gathering, and that doubtless the Englishmen who did honor to Mr. Wilson contributed a shining heap of British gold for his campaign fund. The outcries about British gold and the corruption fund contributed by the Cobden Club had mostly ceased since that venerable institution became too poor to pay for its annual dinner, but the first opportunity to renew them was eagerly seized upon.

When the full report of the speech came to this country, however, it was disappointing to the protectionists. It was not available as a campaign document against Mr. Wilson's candidacy in his district, or against the principle of tariff reform. It did not prove, or even indicate, that the revenue-reformers are in corrupt and treasonable alliance with English manufacturers to ruin their fellow-citizens. Mr. Wilson's speech was not the address of a conspirator to his fellows. It was not the speech of one who was seeking to promote English at the expense of American interests. Nor was it the speech of one who was unwittingly playing into the hands of the commercial rivals of his country. On the contrary, it was patriotic and thoroughly American, and, unlike most speeches that come from the grateful recipients of hospitality, it contained some facts that in the light of recent trade developments could not have been wholly pleasant to all the British merchants and manufacturers who listened to it.

There is no one in this country who has oftener described, more clearly and with more virility than Mr. Wilson, the evils that have resulted from the foolish effort to grow rich by self-taxation. What he said to the English merchants was a repetition of what he has often said in Congress and on the platform. The "infant industries" in the decrepitude of aged pauperism; the wage-earner deceived by fair promises, but exposed to competition in the unprotected labor market of the world: the farmer selling in the cheapest and buying in the dearest market; the abnormal profits gained by legislation employed in political corruption and in the purchase of further legislation; the building up of trusts at the expense of the people whom they oppress; the subversion of the fundamental principles of personal liberty, and of the rights that are supposed to be the incidents of self-government—all these evil consequences of the protective system have been described again and again by tariff-reform speakers, and by no one more frequently than by Mr. Wilson himself. What he said to his English auditors he has often said to his fellow-countrymen. What was accepted as truth in London is the argument in West Virginia for Mr. Wilson's return to the House of Representatives.

The interesting part of the speech, and that on which its protectionist critics have seen fit to dwell most lightly, is that in which Mr. Wilson describes the effect of the policy towards which the new act is the first step, on the commercial relations of the United States. The time is not distant when British manufacturers and merchants believed that under equal conditions, or even against purely natural advantages, they were able to succeed in competition for the trade of any country in the world. At that time they undoubtedly hoped for the abandonment of the protective system by the United States, because they imagined that with obstructive statutes out of the way they would dominate our markets, not perhaps as they commanded the markets of South America and Mexico, but sufficiently to increase their commerce vastly. This expectation was always a delusion. There has never been a time within the memory of living men when American manufacturers would not have been able to hold their own market against the world, with or without protection; nor is it doubtful that American working-men would have been better off at the present time if their employers had been compelled to struggle for commercial supremacy in their own country. But whether or not British commercial confidence rested on a false basis fifty or twenty or even ten years ago, so far as the United States were concerned, there is no doubt now as to the character and seriousness of the competition which would be felt by the United Kingdom, not only within our own borders, but throughout the world. More than this, the British merchant and statesman are prepared to accept the truth, and to regard with some apprehension the economic revolution in which we have taken the first step.

Mr. Wilson, therefore, did not surprise his hearers when he said:

> "But we have seen with increasing interest and satisfaction in our trade returns that we are beginning to send out the produce of our manufactories, and, more instructive still, are sending out first of all the products of those manufactories in which we are paying the highest wages. If with the material spoliation they suffered through the protective system we can still invade foreign markets, what may we not expect to do with freedom from such spoliation?.... The manufacturing supremacy of the world must ultimately pass to that people and country which has the largest supply of the raw materials and the cheapest access to them, and which brings to their development the highest results of art, science, and invention, and the most business-like methods for their distribution. We believe, for these reasons, that the supremacy must some day or other pass to the United States."

British manufacturers have seen American cottons and carpets exposed for sale in Manchester itself. They know that steel rails can be made as cheaply here as in England; that woollen cloth as honest and fine as any that can be produced in Europe can be made in America now that the raw material is free. It was not a new message that Mr. Wilson carried to them, but, in the comfortable after-dinner hour, it may have been an unpleasant reminder that although there may be enough trade for them and America, they would soon be forced to expend increased energy to obtain their share in friendly but arduous contention with a worthy rival.

Mr. Wilson's English speech was a prediction of a coming time when American ships will once more carry American products to all quarters of the globe, and when the prosperity that waits on industry, thrift, intelligence, and on our wonderful natural advantages, will succeed to the cramping of our industrial efforts, the wastefulness of a short-sighted policy, the discrimination in favor of one class and against all others, the limitation and destruction of individual effort, which are the characteristics and consequences of the unjust system against which Mr. Wilson has fought with a large ability and a sincere purpose to benefit his countrymen. Few English audiences have listened to such thorough American patriotism as that which inspired Mr. Wilson's speech to his London hosts.

THE DEMAND FOR MORE TROOPS.

Both General Schofield and General Howard in their annual reports recommend an increase in the number of enlisted men in the army. They voice the sentiment of the service, for there is no intelligent officer who does not believe that there ought to be at least 50,000 enlisted men instead of 25.000. The professional reason for doubling the rank and file may be excellent. Against the argument that the larger number is needed for the proper garrisoning of the posts, and for purposes of military drill and instruction, the layman cannot readily oppose any objection. Our small army is a school, a nucleus, and a police force. As a school and a nucleus for a large force in war it is essential that it should be treated seriously. Unless it is a good and efficient school it cannot be of value as a nucleus, for the only reason for assembling volunteer and emergency forces about it is that it is a trained body of soldiers whose professional influence, example, and instruction will hasten the transformation of a crowd of civilians into an effective military force. If officers unite in the opinion that more men are necessary for the fulfilment of the accepted theory as to our regular army, their judgment should have great weight with Congress. If they are right, the recommendations of Generals Schofield and Howard, who are both about to retire, should be adopted. It is quite probable that some increase would be proper, and quite as probable that the increase asked is much too large. The only answer to the recommendation, based on professional grounds, is that war is so remote a possibility that the army as a school and a nucleus is hardly worthy of consideration. But that argument, if it proves anything, proves that the army might be safely disbanded.

The two senior Major-Generals have made the mistake, however, of basing their recommendations on political grounds. They have strayed into a field of discussion which they plainly do not understand, and have sought to advance their cause by appeals to the timidity of capital. Their reports are therefore tainted by a rather high order of demagogy. They are touting for votes by attempting to convince Congressmen that the country needs the army as a police force to repress strikes, and to meet what they undoubtedly believe to be the rising tide of anarchy. Their whole argument, as it appears from the reports themselves, is quite outside of the soldierly habit of mind. It is clear that General Schofield and General Howard have seized upon the strike at Chicago, and upon the gratitude of the country for the services of the army in that troublous time, for the purpose of accomplishing an object for which they have been struggling for years, and in behalf of which they think they have most excellent professional reasons. It would have been much better for their cause if they had clung to their professional arguments, and left demagogy to its apter practitioners, who, as members of Congress, will consider their recommendations, if, indeed, they are ever considered.

The truth is that if we need the army to act generally as a domestic police force, republican institutions have so far failed. This proposition being untrue, it follows that if the army is to be used only as a police force it is not needed at all, and if it is to be enlarged simply because of the police duty that may be required of it, it is quite large enough already. The history of the country answers the fears of the Major-Generals. No strike has occurred in the United States, and it is safe to say that none will occur, that cannot be put down by a few hundred regular soldiers if the local authorities fail. The Chicago strike itself is an answer to the plea that more troops are needed for the suppression of domestic violence. There were troops enough in Chicago almost as soon as they began to arrive. The difficulty was that they were not called on in time. Less deliberation, less regard for the feelings of Populistic Governors and Mayors, and more firmness in the execution of the law by means of all the power that the law has placed in the hands of the Executive—these elements and qualities of character, and not more soldiers, are needed for the prompt suppression of any domestic violence with which this land of lawmaking and law-abiding citizens is likely to be threatened. A very few men, clad in the uniform of the United States army, can put down a vast mob of law-breakers, and that without loss of life or undue violence. The effect of the uniform, representing the power of the republic, has been manifested more than once in this country. It was notably manifested in the strike at Chicago, which thus furnishes a most unfortunate basis as an argument in behalf of an increase of the number of enlisted men.

It is for the well-being of any republic that it should not trust to a standing army, but to its citizen soldiers and its civic police for the suppression of lawless outbreaks. Dependence on the army of the United States for the putting down of riots would destroy the essential republican virtue of self-dependence. Each State is guaranteed a republican form of government, but such a government would be a mere name if the State looked to the United States, the guarantors, for protection against its own law-breakers. There cannot be republican government, that is, self-government, without effort, and the trials, troubles, and labors of government must be borne by the citizens if they are to reap the advantages and the independence of republican government. The New York police and militia have put down all the riots that have occurred in the city, except when the militia were at the front in 1863. So conscious are the police of their power to enforce the laws against violence that they hoped for a riot last summer, when the mob was raging in Chicago, in order that they might regain some of the favor they had lost through the Lexow investigation. The Chicago police put down the anarchists without outside help. The States and cities should expect to protect themselves. If they are unable to do so, Federal troops may be used in strict conformity with the Constitution; but for all the demands of this kind the army is large enough. To increase it for such a purpose would do infinite harm to the country's morale. So much so that the arguments made by Generals Schofield and Howard in support of their recommendations should lead to the defeat of their hopes. Their professional arguments cannot possibly weigh against the injury that would result from a seeming adoption of their reasoning.

ADULTERATED COFFEE.

It is interesting to know that the Belgian people consider chiccory a healthful drink, and that they mix it with their coffee on the advice of native doctors; for we receive from Flanders every year 4000 tons of the chiccory root, which is mixed with our coffee as a means of increasing the profits of the dealers in "pure Mocha and Java." In addition to this we get large quantities of chiccory from Germany and France. Many of the chiccory farmers of Belgium have factories for treating the root in the United States. These facts come to the State Department at Washington from Henry C. Morris, the Consul of the United States at Ghent, who tells us also that the export of chiccory to the United States has quadrupled in eighteen months. Of the merits of the chiccory root as material for decocting a healthful drink, he says, "It is said to be especially beneficial to persons suffering from disorders of the stomach."

With this strong recommendation in its favor chiccory is not much to be feared as an adulterant of coffee. We do not like to have snapping-turtle sold to us for terrapin; but so long as the turtle is nutritious and of such fine flavor that we cannot detect the fraud, nothing but the moral sense of the dealer is injured by the substitution. If chiccory were the only adulterant used in American coffee there would be small reason to complain on the score of the nation's health. But when decoctions of bran, flour, molasses, and even sawdust are served on our tables, there is reason to believe that much injury may arise from the fraud practised. It is not alone in cheap restaurants that fraudulent coffee is found. It may be served on the tables of rich and poor alike.

The careful housewife once had great faith in the coffee which she roasted and ground for herself. For many years this was undoubtedly a protection against fraud. All of the imitation coffees at first were sold in ground condition for mixture with the ground coffees with which every little grocery was supplied. Now the fraud has gone further. The imitation ground coffee is still made, and it furnishes the largest contribution to fraud. But there is also a fraudulent coffee berry, imitating not only the roasted but the green coffee. One concern makes a green coffee berry of wheat or rye flour and corn, and an imitation of roasted coffee berries of the same ingredients. Another imitation of the green berry is made of ground coffee and wheat flour mixed and moulded. Other imitation coffee berries are made of wheat flour, coffee, and chiccory. Of imitation ground coffees, some are made of bran and molasses, some of pease and molasses, and some of pea hulls and bran.

The imitations of coffee are so cleverly made that it requires an expert examination to detect the fraud. One fairly good test of roasted coffees, which can be applied by any one, is the water test. Roasted coffee as a rule will float. Coffee which has been over-roasted will sometimes sink. On the other hand, almost all imitation coffees will sink in water. Chiccory in ground imitation coffee will discolor the water into which it is thrown, while cereals in the mixture will sink quickly to the bottom. Another test for the imitation coffee berry is ocular examination. In the cleft of the genuine berry there is almost invariably a small part of the membrane which originally surrounded it; in the artificial berry, of course, this is lacking. The artificial berry, too, is of very regular formation.

The chemist of the Agricultural Department at Washington made an investigation into the adulteration of coffees some time ago, and reported that very little pure ground coffee was put on the market. Ninety per cent. of the samples of "ground coffee" bought at retail stores in Washington were found to be adulterated. Only three out of sixty samples of whole roasted coffee were found to be in any degree spurious; but the department chemist believes that much of the package coffee sold in small towns, especially in Kansas, is spurious in whole or in part. No green coffees in open market were found to be adulterated.

It has been suggested that some law be enacted requiring dealers to label imitation coffees. Imitations of coffee are often what are known abroad as "coffee substitutes." They are not necessarily unwholesome. In Brazil, where it would be supposed every one could drink coffee freely and be sure of obtaining a pure article, the poor use a substitute made from the fruit of the wax-palm, which is declared by authorities to be nutritious. Chiccory and figs are declared by some authorities to be very desirable substitutes for coffee. There are now some substitute coffees sold as such in this country, but the great demand for coffee, and the consequent temptation to adulterate, has led to widespread fraud on the coffee-consumers of the United States.

THE END OF AN EPOCH.

Ten years ago, so far as concerns all political franchises, the laborer in rural England was in a position little better than that of the Southern negro before the war. National politics had no interest for him, for he had no vote and no influence in Parliamentary elections. He was only an on-looker; there was no place for him in the real activities of an electoral campaign. The Parliamentary franchise was exclusively in the hands of his well-to-do neighbors. It was exercised only by the landlords, by their larger tenants, and by the rural tradesmen whose possessions brought them within the scope of the Reform Act of 1832. It was the same as regards county politics. Here, however, the rural laborer was in company with the middle-class country resident, who was also excluded from any share in the management of county affairs. These middle-class residents, unlike the rural laborers, paid direct county taxes; but they had no voice in the administration of the funds so collected.

The spending of this money, and every detail of county administration, were in the hands of the landed gentry. Only men who were of the county magistracy were permitted to take part in this work, and law and tradition had for generations confined membership of this body to men of great landed wealth and of high social standing among the county aristocracy. In the nearer work of local administration, in the care of the highways, the carrying out of modern sanitary legislation, and in the administration of the Poor Laws, the middle-class rural residents were permitted to take some part. They could share with the landed gentry in these departments of public work; but the laborer was completely shut out from any share, as completely as he was from the Parliamentary franchise. He had long been assiduously taught that these things were none of his concern, that they were matters which were rightly and wisely left in the hands of his social superiors.

Things stood thus as recently as 1884. Yet so rapid have been the organic political changes in rural England during the last ten years that with the elections for the Parish and District Councils in November not a vestige of this political inequality and exclusiveness will remain. So far as electoral franchises are concerned, the rural laborer, with a wage of ten or twelve shillings a week, is now on an equality with any commoner in the land. "One man one vote" has now become something more than a Radical election cry. It has been embodied in Parliamentary enactments.

Three great Parliamentary measures have brought about these sweeping changes in rural England. The Reform Act of 1884, passed by the Gladstone government, gave the rural laborer the Parliamentary vote; the Local Government Act of 1888, carried through Parliament by the late Salisbury administration, displaced the rural oligarchy in the county government; while the measure which occupied the House of Commons in the session of 1893-4 created the Parish and District Councils which are to be elected and organized this winter. The equality which these two measures of 1888 and 1894 bring about in local government is complete. Until they became law the possession of property was necessary to any share in either county or township administration. Now, for the exercise either of the electoral right or for membership of any of the four local governing bodies set up by these acts, the possession of property is not necessary. Residence for a period of twelve months is the only qualification, and women who are householders are eligible as electors for all these newly created bodies, and for membership of three of them. Women are denied membership in the County Council.

Territorialism and political ecclesiasticism may still exercise some influence in rural politics. The squire and the parson are not likely to surrender all at once the dignified places they have so long held in rural political life. They no longer, however, possess any right to these positions. The Parish and District Councils Act completes the separation of the Church of England from all connection with local government, and with the act of 1888 it completely disestablishes the squire. In short, these three acts of the last ten years, in conjunction with the reform acts of 1832 and 1867, so far as electoral franchises are concerned, make England a democracy.

Old-time Radicals of the schools of Hume and Molesworth and of Bright and Cobden are now disposed to think that with the passing of the last of these measures an epoch of constitutional reform going back to the time of the French Revolution is at an end. But the new school of Radicals—those who no longer accept the doctrine of equal rights, equal privileges, and equal opportunities under the law as the sum total of Radicalism, and who look back with regret to the hostility of Bright and Cobden to state interference with adult labor—insist that the end of the epoch is not yet. These Radicals, who during the last two or three sessions of Parliament have voted for an eight-hour day and for a most drastic employers' liability bill, have still a long programme of constitutional reform in front of them.

All Radicals do not include an eight-hour day and the abolition of freedom of contract between employers and employed with respect to liability for injury to workmen in their programme. Nor do all Radicals give their assent to the advanced programme of further organic reform, including the abolition of the House of Lords, now before the country. Up to this time the old school of Radicals has advocated all the reforms which have now been adopted; but the passing of the Parish Councils Act seems to mark a parting of the ways. Nearly all that the Radicals of the school of Grote and Warburton, of Hume and Molesworth, contended for in the Reformed Parliament of 1832, and that Bright and Cobden advocated from the forties onward, has now been conceded by Parliament. That school of Radicalism seems to be nearing the end of its mission, and it would appear that the newer school of Radicals must before long be known as socialists.

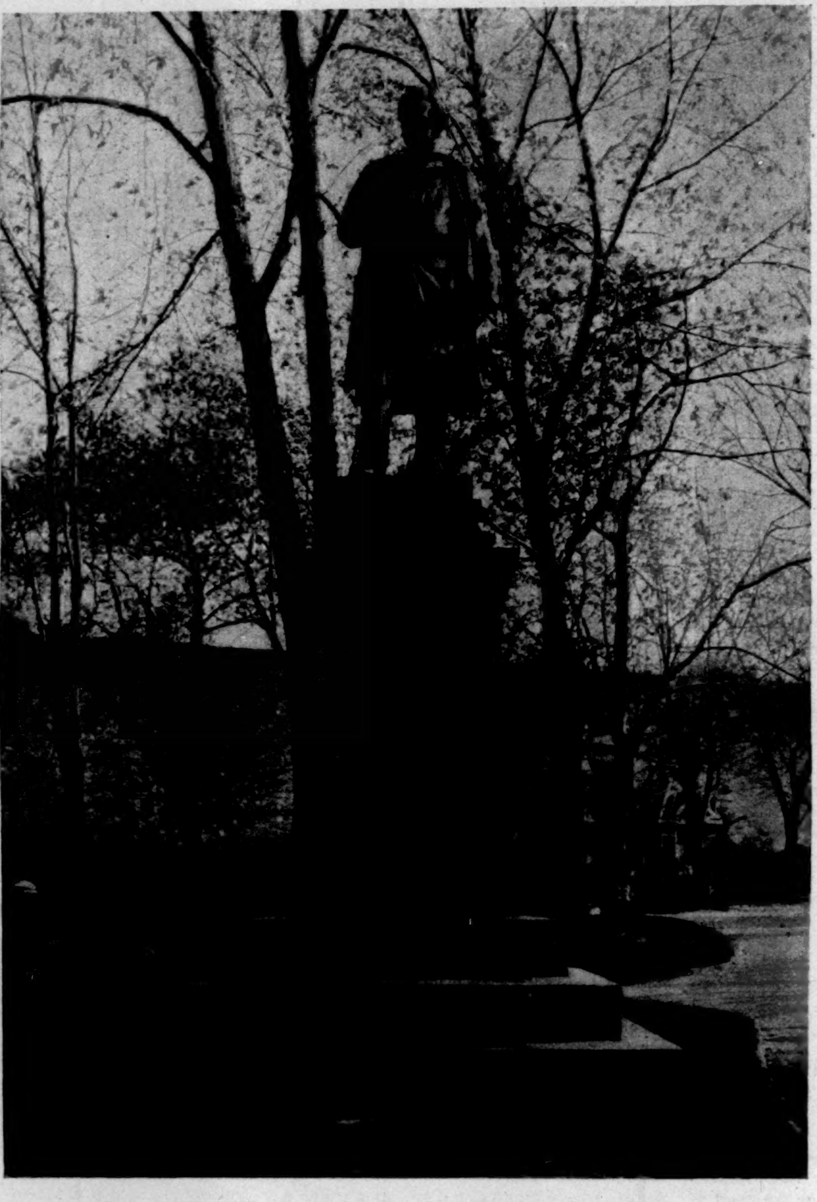
DR. J. MARION SIMS.

THE erection of the Sims statue, which was unveiled in Bryant Park, New York, on the 20th inst., is a unique tribute to the memory of a remarkable surgeon. No American physician has previously been so honored. The statue was erected by popular subscription, thousands of persons on two continents contributing, no one of them being permitted to give more than a single dollar. This fact tells better than any words of eulogy of the universality of Dr. Sims's fame. The professional achievements that brought him this eminence were outlined as follows by Dr. George F. Shrady, in the course of an eloquent address on the occasion of the unveiling of the statue: "He established a school of his own which has now won recognition throughout the world. Indeed, it is safe to say that Sims's name is associated with more original operations and more new instruments for making such operations successful than that of any other American surgeon." By another he has been termed the "father of American gynecology." To few other men does womankind owe so large a debt of gratitude as to J. Marion Sims.

Inasmuch as we sometimes assume that great men see clearly the goal of their lives from the beginning—than which, I opine, there could be no greater mistake—it is of interest to note that Dr. Sims's ultimate successes lay in lines far afield from his earlier ambitions—in a direction, as he himself tells us, that he never dreamed of when he started. The discovery of his speculum, which paved the way for all his other discoveries, he has spoken of as an accident. It would be nearer the truth to call it an inspiration—the kind of accident that led Newton to see the law of gravitation behind the falling apple—for other discoveries followed this one, and some of them came, not as flashes of insight, but after years of toilsome experiment and discouraging failure. As Dr. Shrady has happily phrased it, "The destiny of discovery forced him, against many apparently overwhelming obstacles, to fulfil his mission."

These obstacles, it is true, were not so very different from those that almost every one encounters in his life-journey, but they acquire interest from the fact that they were surmounted. Rail-splitting becomes almost a poetic accomplishment when it enters into the biography of a President. And so the hardships that Dr. Sims encountered as a country practitioner down in Alabama, and as a would-be city practitioner in New York, though they differ little from the struggles of thousands of other physicians, have a fresh charm when they enter into a life-drama that has an early climax in such brilliant successes. There is a thrilling dramatic contrast in the thought that the man who was almost starving in New York in 1853 was, four years later, receiving the ovations of a multitude of admirers on the occasion of the first anniversary of the Woman's Hospital that he had founded—a hospital, by-the-bye, that is still the only one of its kind in the world. Another year or two and Dr. Sims was teaching the best surgeons of Europe to perform operations they had thought impossible. His fame had become universal. The Old-World aristocracy came to consult him. Napoleon the Third called him to treat the Empress Eugénie. Distinguished *savants* vied with royalty in doing him honor.

It is a far cry, as Dr. Sims's fox-hunting parent might perhaps have worded it, from the "piny woods" of Alabama to the courts of Europe. But to this broad-minded physician the world seems to have looked almost the same whether viewed from the depths or from the heights. He was as modest and unassuming at the last as at the beginning, and when in later years he was asked to write out a story of his life, he "blushed like a girl" to think that any one except his immediate friends should care to know how he had lived. Yielding to the request, he wrote a sketch of delightful freshness and simplicity that shows the reader far into the heart of the man. No one who reads it can doubt that J. Marion Sims was a good man as well as great, worthy in every way of this new honor.



THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE J. MARION SIMS, M.D., LL.D.

Meyer of Munich, Sculptor. Unveiled Saturday, October 20th, in Bryant Park, New York City.

LAWNS AND DROUGHTS.

A LONG drought is a wearisome and sometimes a terrible experience. The days and weeks drag on and there seems no relief possible, as all signs fail. Then comes the blessed rain. It drops gently, if we are fortunate, and then it pours for hours and days, and finally, lo! a marvellous transformation. The heat in the ground and the abundant moisture act on vegetation like a hot-house or forcing-house. Brown grass becomes as green as it was in early spring, and even the trees and shrubs put forth a few late but attractive flowers. The very air is redolent of the odors of newly mown green grass; and after the terrible drought one enjoys the fresh revelation of glowing green meadows and velvety grass banks as though the first days of spring were with us once more. But now comes the question, having saved our grass—for saved it always seems to be, after even the longest drought—how shall we treat it during the succeeding fall and winter? Midsummer generally gives us our worst droughts, as we have found during the past summer, although a late fall drought is perhaps the worst of all in its after-effects on the lawn. However, only give us heat enough, and rain enough for the grass to fairly recover itself, and the winter will generally harm it little. In that case its condition the following spring will simply depend on the liberality and intelligence displayed in its treatment during autumn and winter.

The truth of this statement has been proved over and over again in Central Park, New York, where the conditions are extremely unfavorable for the recovery of grass, owing to the thin soil, and close proximity of the rock to the surface. Drought is especially injurious in its after-effects on trees and shrubs and woody plants, because it stops for a time all growth, and then when the late rains set in new shoots and buds develop, but fail to properly mature before winter comes. The result of freezing is therefore in many cases permanent injury. Grass, however, behaves differently. No plant springs more quickly than grass. We speak of seeing a blade of grass grow. Doubtless this is a figurative expression, but it conveys some idea of the rapidity with which grass recovers its normal vigor. We need have little fear, therefore, that droughts will permanently kill our lawn grass, or even that winter-killing will occur unless the parched season extends far into the period of cold weather.

The danger that really threatens our lawns after droughts is that thin and bare portions of the greensward will be occupied by summer-grass and other weeds, and the next year will naturally find this weedy condition still worse. You will hardly overcome this difficulty by hand-weeding, and the results of such labor do not justify the outlay. Perhaps the wisest way to advise the reader in this question of protecting lawns from the evil effects of drought is to "hark back," as it were, and see how the lawn should be constructed to resist effectively droughts at all seasons.

I do not propose to go into the subject of lawn-making exhaustively, but I will note one or two features of the operation that always affect materially the ability of the lawn to stand drought. The depth and richness and mellowness of the soil are of the greatest advantage to the grass when it is forced to meet the terrible stress of heat and drought. No pains can be too great that seek to secure deep and thoroughly tilled soil, where not only mellowness is obtained, but freedom from weeds. You will never rid youself of weeds entirely, but the nearer you can approach that desirable condition of cleanliness the better your grass will stand the drought. Deep tilth, cleanliness from weeds, and thorough enrichment with manure are of the first importance in enabling a lawn to endure dry weather. You can hardly manure too heavily for grass, provided you use well-rotted barn-yard or stable manure properly mixed through the soil. I am aware that in this way come weeds. If you can do it, a better course is undoubtedly to enrich the ground a year before you make the lawn, through the medium of a well manured and cultivated crop like potatoes or other vegetables. But enrich the ground you must, and cultivate it you must, if you are going to establish a good lawn that will stand drought.

The last and naturally the most important necessity of a good lawn is abundance of water. If the heavens above will not furnish it, then, without question, it must be supplied by artificial irrigation. A gentle and continual supply of water by means of lawn-sprinklers will always produce the best results. Sprinkling late in the evening and all night is to be preferred, but if you can, do not hesitate to sprinkle all day as well, for your sprinklers never can furnish you too much water during a drought. All this, however, may seem to the reader as advice in making a lawn, rather than directions concerning its treatment during the autumn and winter after a drought. It nevertheless remains true that if you prepare and enrich your lawn properly, seed it liberally with clean grass seed, cut it frequently during moist, not dry weather, in order to secure close-set greensward, and water it freely during a drought, you will have little trouble during the following winter and spring. I will say this, however: in case you have not treated your lawn in the above manner, when the fall rains set in you should cut it as frequently as possible until you stop mowing, the middle or last of October. Then, if you have left a reasonably good top on the greensward, and by frequent mowing destroyed most of the summer-grass and weeds that come at bare points of the sward after a drought, you have done about all you can to enable your lawn to pass the winter satisfactorily. By all means fertilize the greensward all you can about the last of November with fine, well-composted barn-yard or stable manure. It will naturally help; and if you want to improve weak spots, the following spring, when you thoroughly rake off the manure and weeds, give these spots a dressing of fine rich mould, and sow grass seed liberally.

S. PARSONS.

WELDING RAILS BY ELECTRICITY.

WELDING iron by the heat of an electric current is not a new thing in mechanics, but a machine by which the ends of rails lying in place in a track can be welded together is something new and very interesting. Such machines are operated by the Johnson Electrical Welding Company, and are now employed by a Brooklyn street-railroad company. The method is as follows:

A small car carries a large dynamo motor, and receives through an ordinary trolley from the trolley wire the regular service current, having a voltage of about 500 volts. This is transformed and intensified by the dynamo into a current of the full strength of about 600 volts, which may be direct or indirect.

Another small car coupled to the first, and usually behind it, carries the welder and a small motor for handling it, and serves as a shop and storage-place for tools, etc. The welder is a horseshoe-shaped frame of iron, about six feet high, which is sustained outside of the rear end of this car by a strong swinging arm, and by a horizontal bar along the car platform. By means of these fixtures the welder can be moved in any direction, swung alternately from one rail to another, and adjusted to work on curves. Within the "horseshoe" is contained a transformer, and various other subordinate parts of the apparatus of more interest to the electrical specialist than to the general observer. The lower ends of the "horseshoe" terminate in blocks of copper.

In operation the two cars are moved forward on the track until the welder hangs over the point of junction of the two rails whose ends are to be fused together. If they are in contact, very well; if not, a thin section of a rail, called a "shim," is driven down to fill the space between them. Four "chucks," or blocks of shaped iron, are then set against the rail so as to completely surround and snugly fit the contiguous ends, except upon the top or bearing surface. This done, the welder is lowered until the copper plates of the lower end of the "horseshoe" clasp the rail on each side of the prepared joint, where they are firmly clasped in place. The electric current is then turned on, passes through the iron from one copper plate to the other, and in a very short time brings it to such a degree of heat that all the parts of the joint—rail ends, shim, and chucks—are welded solidly together. The welder-man in charge of the operation is a skilled mechanic, and knows when the heat has been long enough supplied. The current is then shut off; any small bulging of the surface of the rail due to the heat is hammered down, and the machine moves on to the next joint.

The speed with which this perfect union is effected is great. The ordinary rate of progress is four weldings, and sometimes five, an hour, but the actual time the heat is applied does not often exceed three minutes.

The advantages of the continuous rail thus formed are many. The wear of track is less, since that rapid wearing away of the rails at the joints due to loosening is avoided. The racking and jarring of the cars caused by loose and uneven rails is also greatly lessened or totally obviated. Lastly, the comfort of the passengers when the wheels roll upon an unbroken rail from one end of the route to the other is vastly increased.

Once every six hundred feet a joint is omitted and left open to allow for the effect of expansion and contraction due to varying atmospheric temperatures. It is not considered necessary to leave these open permanently, however, and in winter, when the weather is at the coldest, and the contraction is greatest, the machines go over the road and close up all these joints, so that the rail becomes an unbroken stretch of iron from one end of the line to the other. The work is carried on at night as well as by day by the aid of a sufficient number of portable incandescent lamps.

"'THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I'M AFRAID OF,' HE SAID. 'I AM AFRAID; I CONFESS IT.'"

THE JUDGMENT BOOKS.

BY E. F. BENSON.

CHAPTER I.

PENALMOND HOUSE stands high among the woods which line the estuary of the Fal just before the river broadens out into the great harbor basin. Southwards from the house, and towards the river, the trees have been cleared away, and a level lawn with flower beds lies along the edge of the steep grass slope, which ends abruptly in a fence and a drop of some four feet on to the brown sea-weed-covered rocks. At high tide the still water creeps up over these, and hides the bottom steps of a little iron staircase fastened to the rock, and communicating with the field by a rickety wooden gate. But on the other three sides climb steep beech-woods up as far as the back of a brown Cornish moor, all purple and gold in this mellow September, and resonant with bees.

Jack Armitage was sitting on the lawn facing the river, and meditating. Being an artist, he conceded to himself the right to meditate as often as he pleased, but just now his meditations were entirely confined to vague thoughts that it was tea-time, and that, on the whole, he would not have another pipe, and he thrust his hands into his coat pockets and began to walk about. Perhaps the familiar and still warm bowl of his favorite brier-wood determined his change of intention; in any case, it is certain that he began to fill it, with the careful precision of those who know that the gift of tobacco is misused if stowed aimlessly or carelessly in its censer.

He had been staying with Frank Trevor, the owner of this pleasant place, nearly a month, and he had sketched and talked art, in which he disagreed with his host on every question admitting two opinions all day and a considerable part of the night, and he was very sorry to be going. Frank, who was even more orthodox on the subject of meditation than himself, had finished some two months ago the portrait at which he had been working, and, as his habit was, had worked much too hard while he was at it, had knocked himself up, and for the last eight weeks had been sitting in the sun all day with his wife and Jack. Jack was leaving on the morrow, and he had spent the day in the woods finishing a sketch, and feeling sorry that he was going.

He had filled his pipe to his satisfaction, and had got it comfortably under way, when Mrs. Trevor joined him.

"Frank has just come in," she said. "We're going to have tea at once, and then afterwards we can go for a sail."

Jack often caught himself regretting that he was not a portrait-painter when he saw Mrs. Trevor. She was, he told himself, one of the beauties of all time, and her black hair, black eyes, and straight, delicately chiselled nose had caused many young men, on the slightest acquaintance, to wish that she had not decided to change her maiden name to that of Trevor. She paused on the edge of the gravel path and picked up a tennis-ball which had rolled into the gutter.

"To think that it should have been there all the time!" she said. "How blind you are, Mr. Armitage!"

"Fate is against me," he said. "You call me in to tea just when I've lit my pipe, and then you blame me for not finding the tennis-ball! You told me it was not worth while looking for."

"I didn't know it was in the gutter," said she.

"No, nor did I, or else I should have looked for it there."

"There'll be no more tennis for me unless we persuade you to stop," she said. "Frank says he's going to begin a picture to-morrow, and you know what that means. I see nothing of him all day, and he gobbles his meals, and scowls at the butler."

"Oh, that's good news," said Armitage.

"Yes, he's been awfully idle lately, but he really needed a rest."

Frank was in the drawing-room when they went in, giving orders to a man that his studio was to be thoroughly swept out and dusted. In his idle intervals he always kept the door locked, and never went in himself, nor allowed any one else to do so.

"And take that large looking-glass out of the big spare bedroom, and put it near the window," he was saying.

"What do you want a looking-glass for?" asked his wife, as the man left the room.

Frank got up and walked about the room.

"I begin to-morrow," he said. "I've got the picture ready. I can see it. When one sees one's picture it is time to begin to paint. Until then it's no use."

"But what's the looking-glass for?" asked Jack.

"Ah, yes, I haven't told you. I'm going to paint a portrait of myself."

The night was warm and cloudless, and after dinner the three sat out on the terrace listening to the footfalls of night in the woods round them. Once a hare ran out from the cover across the lawn, where it sat for a few moments, until it heard the rustle of Margery's dress, as she looked in the direction of Frank's finger, who was pointing at it; and scuttled noiselessly off.

They had all been silent for some time, but at last Frank spoke.

"I feel just as I did on my last night at home before I went to school for the first time," he said. "I have had a long holiday, but it is over now. To-morrow I begin again. I wonder why I should feel like that?"

"Oh, one is always nervous about beginning a new thing," said Jack. "One doesn't know what will come of it."

"Ah, but I don't usually feel that; in fact, I never have before. I know pretty well what will come of anything I do. One is like a plant when one has flowered once; it is fairly certain that the next flower will be like the last, if one puts anything of one's self into the thing. And it is no use forcing the flower: they won't blossom under glass."

"That's such a nice theory for you, dear," said Margery, "especially if you feel inclined to be lazy."

Frank made a hopeless little gesture of impatience.

"Oh, you don't understand a bit," he cried. "I can't make myself paint when I've got nothing to paint. When the time comes that I should paint I do so inevitably; if the time has not come it is impossible. I know you think artists are idle, desultory, bohemian; that is part of their nature as artists. The sap flows, and we bud; the sap recedes, and, artistically, we are dead. We are not dead really; we only don't produce, any more than a tree does not produce in December, though it is not dead."

Margery frowned.

"Then do you mean to say that effort is valueless?"

"No, no," cried Frank; "the whole process of production is frantic, passionate effort, to realize what one sees. But no amount of effort will make one see anything. Of course I could paint 'The Gardener's Daughter' any day of my life; at least, I could make a picture which you would probably say was very pretty, but it would not be part of me. That is just what I was saying the other day: you cannot judge of a picture unless you know the man who painted it; though, of course, if it is a real picture, it teaches you something of him. And I cannot, and, what is more, I don't choose, to paint anything into which I don't put something of myself."

"Mind you look about the woods after I've gone," remarked Jack, "and if you see a leg or an arm belonging to me, please send it after me, the hotel, Keswick."

Frank threw himself back in the chair with a long ringing laugh.

"My dear Jack," he said, "for a clever man, you're a confounded idiot. No one ever accused you of putting a nail-paring into any of your pictures. That's the difference between a portrait-painter and a landscape-painter. A landscape-painter paints what he sees—and only some of that—a portrait-painter paints what he knows; and when he paints, the virtue goes out of him."

"Then what will happen when you paint yourself?" asked Jack.

Frank grew suddenly grave.

"That's exactly what I don't know; and that was what I meant when I said that I felt like a little boy going to school for the first time. I have only painted four portraits in my life, and each of those definitely took something out of me. And when I paint myself—"

"I suppose you will go out like a candle," interrupted Jack. "It ought to be a very remarkable portrait. We shall mistake it for you, I suppose. Will it walk about and talk?"

Frank got quickly out of his chair and stood before them. His thin, tall figure looked almost ghostly in the moonlight, and he spoke rapidly and excitedly.

"That's exactly what I'm afraid of," he said. "I am afraid; I confess it. I tried to paint myself once before, but I had to stop. I was in bad health at the time, and one morning when I went into the studio and saw it I had a sudden giddy feeling that I did not know which was me, the portrait or myself. And I knew at that moment that I was on the verge of something new and unknown; that if I went on with it I should go mad, or go to heaven; and when I moved towards it I saw it. I *did* see it take a step towards me."

"And then?" asked Jack.

"I ran away. I came back in the evening and tore the picture to shreds. I lost a great deal that time."

"Very good training, painting pictures," said Jack.

"Oh yes, you may laugh at me if you like, but it's true. You may even say that what I lost was exactly what one always does lose when one is afraid of doing something; one loses self-control; one is less liable to do the things one fears when next one tries. I lost all that. I lost all that, and a great deal more."

"Don't be silly, Frank," said Margery, suddenly. "How can a man part with himself?"

"He can die," said Frank, in a low voice. "But, after all, that does not matter much."

"When the time comes for us to die we die," said she; "and we can't help it; but we can all avoid being very silly while we live; at least you can, and you are the case in point."

"I know it all sounds ridiculous and absurd," said he, "but if I paint my portrait as I think I am going to I shall put all myself into it. It will be a wonderful thing; there will be no picture like it. But I tell you plainly and soberly—I am not feverish; you may feel my pulse if you like—that if I paint it, as I think I shall, something will happen to me. What, I don't pretend to say. Moreover, I am frightened about it."

For one moment Margery was frightened too, but she quickly summoned her common-sense to her aid. The thing was impossible in a civilized country and in the nineteenth century.

"Oh, my dear boy, it is so like you to say that it will be a wonderful thing," she said, "and that there will be no picture like it. It will be even more like you if, after making an admirable beginning, you tear it up, and say that it is a horror, and you will never lay brush to canvas again. I suppose it is all part of the artistic temperament."

"Well, we shall see. Jack, why should you go away to-morrow? Why not stop and be a witness?"

"No, I must go," said Jack; "but if Mrs. Trevor will send me a post-card or a wire, if you show any signs of going to heaven or Bedlam, I will come back. Dear me, how anxious I shall feel! But I must go. I've painted so many beech-trees that they will begin to say that I am going to paint all the trees in England, just as Moore has painted all the English Channel."

"Yes, he's painted a great many square miles of sea. However, it will be useful if they lose all the Admiralty charts. They will soon be able to reproduce them from his pictures. They certainly are exactly like the sea."

"But they are all like the Bellman's chart in 'The Hunting of the Snark,' said Margery, "without the least vestige of land."

"What would be the effect on you, Frank, if you painted a few hundred miles of sea?" asked Jack. "I suppose you would be found drowned in your studio some morning, and they would be able to fix the place you were drowned in by seeing what you were painting last. But there are difficulties in the way."

"He must be careful only to paint shallow places," said Margery, "where he can't be drowned. Perhaps it is your astral body which is affected on these occasions."

"Astral fiddlesticks!" said Frank. "Let's go in." He paused for a moment on the threshold of the long French window opening into the drawing-room. "But if any one, particularly you, Margy," he said, "ever mistakes my portrait for myself, I shall know I am going to be right. And then, if you wish, we will discuss the advisability of my finishing it. But I begin to-morrow."

CHAPTER II.

Jack Armitage accordingly left the next morning; but before he went he had a short talk with Mrs. Trevor on the terrace as they waited for the carriage to come round. She was looking a little tired and worried, as if she had not slept well.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," she said. "All that nonsense which Frank talked last night must have got on my nerves. I didn't sleep very well. Don't you know those long, half-waking dreams one has sometimes, when one is not quite certain whether what one sees and hears is real or not? I woke once like that, and heard Frank talking in his sleep. 'Margery,' he said, 'that isn't me at all. This is me. Surely you know me?' Of course his mind was running on what he said as we came in yesterday evening. And this morning he got up at daybreak, and I haven't seen him since. However, you must go and wish him good-by."

"But you aren't nervous, are you?" asked Jack. "I thought you were so particularly sensible about it last night. Frank is awfully fantastic; he always was. Probably it will be a wonderful thing; he is usually right about his own pictures, and he will be very nervous and irritable while he is painting it, and refreshingly idle as soon as it is done. That's the way he usually runs."

"No, I'm not nervous," said she; "at least I don't mean to be. It is just one of Frank's ridiculous notions. All the same, when he does do a really good portrait, like that he was speaking of last night, the painting does have a very definite effect on him."

"In what way? I don't understand."

"Well, last year, you know, he painted Mr. Rivière: you know the picture, don't you? It was at the Academy, and every one said it was wicked to paint a thing like that, and that he might as well have painted him without any clothes on as without any body on. Well, Mr. Rivière is a charming man, you know; but he really is unable to tell the truth. It sounds very ridiculous, but for six weeks afterwards Frank really became the most awful liar."

Jack stopped short.

"But the thing is absurd. In any case, what does he mean by saying that he doesn't know what will happen when he paints himself? It seems to me that in the case of Mr. Rivière, so far from Frank putting a lot of himself into the picture, he unfortunately absorbed a certain portion of Mr. Rivière's nature into his own system."

"Frank was quite unconscious that he had become a liar," said Margery; "but what he means is this: he put a lot of his own personality into the picture—really the thing is so absurd that I am ashamed to tell you about it—and consequently weakened himself, or, as he would express it, emptied himself. And being in this state, Mr. Rivière's unfortunate little peculiarity impressed itself on him. That I can conceive possible. We are all affected by people we see much of; but what Frank assumes is the loss of his own personality. That is absurd."

"Frank was like a hypnotic subject, in fact," said Jack. "At least they say that they give up their personality, and subject themselves to another will. But even then—and I think the whole thing is nonsense—how will the painting of his own portrait affect him?"

"Like this: He puts his personality into it, and receives nothing in exchange; no other personality will, so to speak, feed him. Really he is very silly."

The sound of carriage-wheels caused them to turn in their stroll and walk back again to the house.

"Incidentally," asked Jack, "how did he cease to be a liar?"

Margery looked at him openly and frankly.

"Oh! by painting me. I am very truthful."

"Did he absorb any other characteristic?"

"Yes; he became less fantastic for a time. You see, I am very unimaginative."

"Then you had better get him to paint another portrait of you, while he is doing this. Won't that preserve the balance?"

The fresh air and sunshine were having their legitimate effect on Margery, and had sufficiently cancelled her troubled night. She broke out into a light laugh.

"Oh, that would be too dreadfully complicated," she said. "Let's see, what would happen? He would put his personality into both portraits and get back some of mine, and so he would cease to be himself, and become rather like me. It's as bad as equations. Really, Mr. Armitage, I am beginning to think that you believe in it all yourself."

"No, I don't, any more than you do. Well, I must say good-by to Frank, and tell him not to be too astral."

Frank was standing in front of his easel, sketching himself in with rapid, certain strokes. He had caught the characteristic pose of his figure with extraordinary success, and Armitage exchanged a quick glance with Margery as he looked at it.

"I'm off, Frank," he said, seeing that the other did not look up. "I've come to say good-by."

Frank started and winced as if he had been struck, and looking up, saw Armitage for the first time. He placed his hand over his eyes as if he had just been waked up, and was still heavy with sleep.

"Ah, Jack, I didn't see you. What time is it? Where are you going?"

"I'm going by the puff-puff," said Jack, "all the way to Keswick."

"Of course you are; well, good-by. I'm very busy," and he relapsed again into his work.

Jack laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Don't overdo it, old boy," he said. "You soon knock up, you remember. And it won't be half so good, if you slave at it all day, and don't take any exercise. Half the artistic sense is good digestion."

"No, I'll be very careful," said Frank, half to himself. "Take your hand away, please; I'm just drawing in that piece."

Armitage was suddenly loath to go, but the carriage was at the door, and it was obviously absurd to stop because Frank had made a marvellously skilful sketch of himself, and, with characteristic honesty, he confessed that if he stopped, this would be the reason for his stopping. Besides, Frank was in better hands than his, for he left behind him this splendidly sensible woman, a sort of apotheosis of sound common-sense, who transferred that eminently prosaic virtue into something majestic and almost omnipotent. And she had said deliberately that she thought all this idea of Frank's was pure nonsense. Besides, she could always telegraph to Keswick.

He left Frank as he had found him, utterly absorbed in his picture, but Mrs. Trevor came with him to the door. But just before he drove off, some invisible impulse prompted him to say:

"Lake Hotel, Keswick, you know. That will always find me soonest."

Another impulse prompted her to answer:

"Yes, many thanks. I shall remember. It is very good of you to promise to come at once."

Margery had a great gift of doing or not doing what she meant to do or intended to avoid. When her will came into collision with those of others, they expressed this by saying that she was very obstinate; when her will went in harness with theirs, they said, "Dear Margy is *so* firm," and congratulated themselves and her. And when, as on this occasion, her will was in collision with her inclination, which was to stop Frank from painting this portrait, it exhibited itself in a splendid self-control.

She felt rather lonely and inadequate when she saw Armitage drive off, but, as she told herself, her sense of loneliness and inadequacy was not because she was alone with Frank, but because she had determined to fight Frank's fantastic notions; to force him as far as in her lay to go on with that portrait of himself, and to finish it at all cost. This, she persuaded herself, would be a real defeat of his fantastic tendencies; his irregularity, his fits of utter laziness, and sense of irresponsibility of ideas, did not come and beat at the door of his imagination. And then what a magnificent piece of work to have accomplished—to be able to show the world a genius, as she was sure he was, who was not irregular or fantastic, and who did not forget to eat his dinner when the time came!

She felt with much justice that so many of his wild notions would be routed if she could only make him go through with this, and see him stand in front of his finished portrait and say, "It is all I ever hoped it would be, and I am still a sane man," that she might surely congratulate herself in having sensibly helped to change his nature. Genius often was better, but Frank was not that; more often it was fantastic, and Frank should be fantastic no longer.

"What harm can come to him through this?" she reasoned. "I am very sure he will not, as he says, lose his personality, because those things do not happen. That he will be awfully savage and silent while he is painting I fully expect, but that does not matter. What does matter is that he should see, when it is finished, what a goose he has been. I must go and order dinner.

Later in the morning she strolled into the studio, where he was working. He had been there for nearly six hours, but his breakfast lay still untouched. She was surprised to see that it had not perceptibly advanced since she had been in two hours before with Jack Armitage. Frank was, as a rule, unusually rapid about sketching a portrait in, and she had expected to see him painting vigorously. But the charcoal was still in his hand, and as she entered he was just rubbing out part of the face, frowning portentously the while.

"Well, how goes it?" she asked.

"It goes very bad indeed," said Frank.

"Oh, but it's splendid," she said, looking at it. "Why, that's exactly the way you stand. Frank, it's awfully good."

"Ah! but the face," he said. "I cannot do the face, and I thought I knew my own face. I keep making myself look as if I'd done something I shouldn't, and I've rubbed it out twenty times. Look here. This is how it comes."

He emphasized the half-erased lines, and took a step back from the easel, looking at it.

"Oh, Frank, that won't do at all. You look as if you were a convict, or something horrible. Yet I don't see where it is wrong. It's very like you somehow."

She looked from the picture to her husband, and saw that his face was curiously puzzled and anxious.

"I see what it is," she said. "You've been worrying and growling over it till your own face began to look something like what you have drawn. That's what comes of having no breakfast. Sit down and eat it at once."

"No, it's not that," he said. "That horrid face too drawn doesn't look puzzled, it looks guilty; that's it—guilty."

"Yes, it looks guilty because you know you should have eaten your breakfast, and when you've done that, and smoked that horrid little black pipe of yours, you won't look guilty any more."

"No, that's the face of a man who has done something worse than not eat his breakfast," said Frank.

"Nonsense. I'm going to get you some more boiling water, because this is cold, and there's that sweet little cold partridge just dying—so to speak—to be eaten, and you begin on it while I'm gone."

Frank sat down at the table and proceeded to cut the "sweet little partridge" which Margery had spoken of. But he put down his knife and fork with a crash and turned to the picture once more. Yes, there was no doubt about it, there was a curious look in the line he had drawn which suggested guilt—and yet, as Margery had said, it was very like him.

Margery soon returned with a little kettle full of boiling water, and chatted to him while he had breakfast.

"What part of your personality has gone this morning?" she asked. "It seems to me that you are just as sullen as you generally are when you are painting, which is unfortunate, because this afternoon we play tennis at the Fortescues', and if you are sulky, why, there'll be a pair of you—you and Mr. F. Oh, but he's a dreadful man. I don't love him a bit more than one Christian is bound to love another, and he's a Presbyterian at that."

"Oh, I can't go to the Fortescues'," said Frank. "I want to get on with this. I never stuck before in such a hopeless manner."

"Don't interrupt," said Margery. "Then after that come home, and the Rev. Mr. Greenock dines with us, and the Rev. Mrs.—yes, particularly the Rev. Mrs."

"There are some people," said Frank, "who make me feel like a rabbit when the ferret is after it."

"Yes, dear; I know exactly what you mean. She's got plenty of personality. And then to-morrow I go away for all that day and the night and most of the next day, so you will be able to work all day without my stopping you."

Frank had finished his breakfast and walked back to his easel. "What is the matter with it?" he said, impatiently.

"You've only made yourself look very cross, dear," said Margery, placidly. "You often do look cross, you know, but I shouldn't advise you to put that into the picture. Oh, Frank, I've got a brilliant idea!"

"What's that?"

"Why, put all the crossness out of your personality into the picture, and then you will never be cross any more. Oh, I'm so glad I thought of that!"

Frank had picked up his charcoal, and was rapidly finishing the face.

"There," he said, standing back, "that's what I saw all morning."

"Oh, Frank, you do look a brute," said Margery. "I'm not going to stop in the room with that, nor are you, because you are coming for a little walk till lunch-time. You have to see Emerson about mending the gate down to the rocks, and tell Hooper that when he marks out the tennis-court he has to do it as he is told, and not as his own fancy prompts. It is about a hundred feet long. Come away out."

Frank turned away from the easel.

"Yes, I'll come," he said. "I can't get on with that just now; I don't know why; but unless I paint it as I see it I can't paint it at all, and I see it like that."

They strolled out through the sweet-smelling woods to the gardener's cottage, and made some severe remarks about the lawn-tennis court.

"I think I'll come to the Fortescues', after all, this afternoon," said Frank, as they turned to go homewards.

"Why, of course you will."

"There's no 'of course' about it, dear," said Frank; "but I feel as if I couldn't paint to-day."

"How dreadfully lazy you are!" said Margery, inconsistently. "You'd never do anything if it wasn't for me. But you must promise to work very hard to-morrow and the next day, and when I come back I shall expect to see you've got on. You needn't make yourself crosser than is consistent with truth."

"But supposing I can't paint it any other way than what you saw this morning," said Frank, "what am I to do then?"

"There! now you are asking my advice," said Margery, triumphantly, "although you always insist I know nothing about it. Why, of course you must paint it as you see it, as you are forever saying."

"Well, you won't like it," said Frank.

"If you'll promise to eat your breakfast at nine and your lunch at two, and not work more than seven hours a day, I don't mind; I will chance it. And if you make yourself look like a bear, why it's your own concern."

"If only I knew what was the matter with it," said Frank. "I could correct it. But I don't. It's very odd."

"It's not a bit odd; it's only because you didn't eat your breakfast. And now you've got to eat your lunch."

CHAPTER III.

Frank got through his tennis party with credit. His sombre mood of the morning had worked itself off, and there was no apparent similarity between his nature and that of Mr. Fortescue. Ease of manner and a certain picturesqueness were natural to him, and Margery found herself forgetting the slightly disturbing events of the last twenty-four hours.

Mr. Greenock and his wife, who dined with them in the evening, may be described as oppressive personalities, though in opposite ways. Frank once said that he always felt as if one of Raphael's clouds had descended on him when he talked to Mr. Greenock, which, however big they might be with blessing, were somewhat solid in texture, and resembled feather beds rather than clouds big with blessing, and that though this was possibly good for you in the long-run, they were slightly suffocating at the time. Mrs. Greenock, on the other hand, was what Americans call a "very bright woman." She had bright black eyes, and a nose like a beak, and she always looked at her neighbors in such a way as to suggest that they had smut on their noses, or had not wiped all the shaving-soap off. She asked artists questions about their art, and musicians their music, a course which she was convinced was the course dictated by wholly superior manners, as hers undoubtedly were. She always made a point of saying that she would remember anything you happened to tell her, in order to give Tom or Harry or Jane a really professional opinion when they asked about it. She may, in fact, be described as a lioness-woman, who bore away all possible scraps to feed her whelps, and, as Frank had said, she had the air of ferreting it out of you.

When Frank came into the drawing-room in the evening, he found Mrs. Greenock and her husband already there, Mrs. Greenock snapping up pieces of information from Margery, and Mr. Greenock apparently giving them to understand that the blessing of the Church hovered over their instructive intercourse.

Mrs. Greenock instantly annexed Frank, as being able to give more professional, and therefore more substantial, scraps of intellectual food than his wife.

"I'm sure you'll think me dreadfully ignorant," she said, "but when some one—dear Kate, I think—asked me when Raphael died, I was unable to tell her within ten years. Now what was the date?"

"I really couldn't say for certain," said Frank. "I forget the exact year, even if I ever knew it."

"Oh, thank you so much, Mr. Trevor," said Mrs. Greenock; "then I shall tell dear Kate that even you don't know for certain, so that it can't have been an epoch-making year. Now what would you say was the most epoch-making year in the history of Art?"

"Well, it would be hard to say that any year was epoch-making," said Frank, feeling helpless with the bright cruel eyes of the ferret close to him; "but I should say the Italian Renaissance, generally, was the greatest epoch. May I take you in to dinner?"

Mrs. Greenock turned her eyes up to the ceiling, as if in a sudden burst of gratitude.

"Thank you so much for saying that," she said. "Algernon dear, did you hear what Mr. Trevor said? He agrees with us all about the Italian Renaissance."

Mrs. Greenock unfolded her napkin as if she was expecting more pieces of information to fall out of it, and was a little disappointed to find only a piece of bread.

"And what, Mr. Trevor, if I may ask you—what is the subject of your next picture? I always like to know exactly what is going on round me; it is the only way—is it not?—of being able to see and trace the tendencies of Art. Historical, romantic, realistic, what?"

"I've just begun a portrait of myself," said Frank.

Mrs. Greenock laid down the spoonful of soup she was raising to her lips and drew in a deep breath.

"Thank you so much. Ah, what a revelation it will be! An artist's portrait by himself, and the portrait of you by yourself! That is the only true way for artists to teach us, to show us themselves what they are, not what they look like! Algernon dear, Mr. Trevor is doing a portrait of himself! Remind me to tell Harry that as soon as ever we get home."

Poor Frank cast an appealing glance at his wife. They had had a small tussle over the necessity of asking the vicar and his wife to dinner, but Margery had insisted that every one always asked the vicar to dine, and went to dine with them when asked, and Frank, of weaker will than hers, had acquiesced.

But Frank's troubles did not really begin till he was left alone with the vicar. He found Mr. Greenock's feather-bed descent more hard to bear than his wife's predatory habits. Mr. Greenock would not drink any more wine, and he would not smoke; but when Frank proposed that they should join the ladies, he said, "It so seldom happens in this secluded corner of the world that I can talk with men who have lived their life in such a different sphere to mine, that I should much enjoy a little longer talk with you."

"Yes; I suppose you get few visitors here," said Frank.

"The visitors we get here," said Mr. Greenock, "are chiefly tourists, who are not inclined for an interchange of thought and experience. Sometimes I see them in our famous little church-yard, where so many men of note are buried, but they do not stop. Indeed, it would show a morbid tendency if they did."

"I've often noticed how many names one knows are in the church-yard here," said Frank.

"It is a solemn thought," said Mr. Greenock, "that in our little church-yard lie the mortal remains of so many brilliant intellects and exceptional abilities. 'Green grows the grass on their graves,' as my wife beautifully expressed it the other day in a little lyric."

"Dear me, I did not know that Mrs. Greenock wrote poetry!" said Frank.

"She is a sonneteer of considerable power," said Mr. Greenock, "and her verses are always distinguished by their thoughtfully chosen similes, and their flow of harmonious thought."

"You can hardly feel out of the world if you have always a poet by you."

"The career of a poet," said Mr. Greenock, "is always beset with snares and difficulties. On the one hand, there is the danger of a too easily earned popularity; on the other, the discouraging effect of the absence of an audience."

"I am sure I can easily guess to which danger Mrs. Greenock is most exposed."

"You are pleased to say so," said Mr. Greenock, with a precious wave of his hand. "In point of fact some verses of hers which have appeared from time to time in local papers have attracted much attention. She is preparing a volume of verse-idyls for publication."

Mr. Greenock rose, as if further exchange of thought and experience could not but be bathos after this, and Frank and he joined the two ladies.

Mrs. Greenock was covered with confusion when she heard what her husband had said of her, but soon recovered sufficiently to make some very true, though not very original, remarks about the beauty of the moonlit sea, and pressed Frank to tell her whether any one had ever painted a moonlight scene which "carried conviction" to the beholder.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SECOND FRIGATE ACTION OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE "UNITED STATES" AND THE "MACEDONIAN."

> "Then quickly met our nation's eyes
> The noblest sight in nature—
> A first-rate frigate as a prize
> Brought home by brave Decatur."—*Old Song.*

EIGHTY-TWO years ago throughout the country the name Decatur was toasted at every table, was sung from the forecastle to the drawing-room, from the way-side tavern to the stage of the city playhouse. To-day, written or spoken, it stands out like a watchword, reminiscent of the days of brave gallantry and daring enterprise at sea.

In October of the year 1812 the frigate *United States* was one of a small squadron that was cruising not far from the island of Madeira. On the twelfth day of the month she parted with the *President*, forty-four, and later with the sixteen-gun brig *Argus*, both of which had sailed with her from the port of Boston, all well officered, well manned, and eager to meet the enemy. Bearing away southward into the paths of the British West-Indiamen, Decatur, in the *United States*, hoped to intercept a rich prize or two, or, better, if possible, to fall in with one of his Majesty's vessels, which were constantly hovering in that neighborhood. Sharp lookouts were kept at the mast-head at all hours, and the crew were spoiling for action.

Sunday morning, the 25th, dawned bright and clear. There was a stiff breeze blowing, and the frigate was under easy canvas, steering a course southeast by east. An observation showed her to be in latitude 29°, longitude 29° 30′ west. As soon as daylight was fairly broad, off to windward, close to the horizon, the lookout descried a sail, and in a few minutes it was discovered that the stranger was an English ship-of-war carrying all but her lighter canvas. Quickly the *United States* blossomed out from the topgallant-yard to her main-course; and although the breeze was strong, studding-sails were set, and tossing the heavy sea to left and right, she was soon hard upon the chase. The *United States* was a good sailer—all of our ships were in those days—and long before seven o'clock it was seen that she was overhauling the enemy rapidly. So great was the enthusiasm of her officers and men that the cheers they gave were borne by the wind to the Englishman before a single gun of the action had been fired. Through the glass it could be seen that the enemy were at quarters. At nine in the morning Decatur luffed a little, took in his lighter sails, and fired his gun-deck battery; but the balls fell short. Both vessels were now on the same tack, close on the wind, and Decatur found that it was impossible for the *United States* to gain the weather-gauge. Broadsides were exchanged as the distance was lessened, and for half an hour the commanders continued firing, doing no vital damage. Suddenly the enemy changed his course, squared his yards and crossed Decatur's bows, letting drive his forward battery. Still, the *United States* held on; and here the Englishman made a fatal error. It is given by some authorities that Captain John Carden, the commander of the *Macedonian*, supposed his opponent to be the *Essex*, which only mounted carronades, therefore he commenced action at long range. It did not take long, however, to apprise him that he was out in his reckoning, for although the distance was so great that carronades and muskets were of no avail, almost every shot from the heavy metal of the American struck its mark, despite the pitching cross-sea. Finding it was too late to run, Captain Carden bravely bore down upon the *United States* to engage her at close quarters, as at the distance at which the action had commenced he was being literally chopped to pieces. It was reported that during the engagement, which then began in earnest, so incessant were the broadsides of the American vessel, the Englishmen supposed her to be on fire, and three or four times cheered in their turn as the news ran through the ship; but they were soon undeceived. The splendid gunnery of the Americans was apparent as the vessels neared. The rigging and spars of the *Macedonian* were riddled and cut, many of her guns were dismounted, and in a few minutes her mizzenmast went by the board. Pitching to and fro, shrouded in the smoke which blew toward her from the enemy's guns, the *United States* kept up her destructive fire. For an instant the smoke cleared away, and there hung the main-yard-arm of the English frigate in two pieces; her maintopmast was gone, her foretopmast was tottering, and no colors were seen floating above her deck; her bowsprit was swaying to and fro, held only by the jib-forestay, and sailing was impossible. She ceased to gather headway, lurching and yawing to one side and the other helplessly.

Strange to say, the *United States* remained almost unhurt. Decatur ceased his fire as he saw the enemy's plight, furled his mizzen-topsail (the mizzen-topmast being badly wounded), drew away, tacked, and came under the lee of the English ship. She gave him a feeble broadside, and Decatur luffed again across her bows. As he did so, Carden, perceiving further resistance to be vain, hauled down his colors, which had again been hoisted on a spar at the stump of the mizzen-mast.

Decatur, his face flushed with victory, hailed in person: "What ship is that?"

"His Majesty's frigate *Macedonian*, thirty-eight, John S. Carden," was the response.

Immediately a boat was lowered, and an officer was sent on board. In the two hours of the engagement she had suffered terribly. Not less than one hundred round shot were counted in her hull, many of them between wind and water. She had nothing standing but her mainmast and fore-yard. Her boats were useless, with exception of one small quarter-boat, and out of the officers and crew, three hundred in number, thirty-six were killed and sixty-eight were wounded. The American loss was five killed and six wounded.

The *Macedonian* was but two years old, a fine vessel of her class, rated thirty-eight, and carrying forty-nine guns—eighteen on her gun-deck, and thirty-two-pound carronades above. The *United States* was heavier and stronger, both in metal and men, it cannot be denied, having a crew of four hundred and seventy-eight. But even taking into account the disparity in the weight of metal and the number of crew, the action proved conclusively that American-built ships and American seamen were to open the eyes of the world in conflicts on the sea.

Now comes the courtesy, the almost stilted politeness, that always seems as if prepared especially for dramatic effect before translation into history. As the brave Carden stepped upon the deck of the *United States* he proffered his sword to Decatur.

"No, sir," exclaimed the latter, doffing his cocked hat, "I cannot receive the sword of a man who has so bravely defended his ship; but," he added, smiling graciously, "I will receive your hand."

As an honored guest, Decatur led the vanquished to his cabin, where refreshments, to quote from another account of the affair, "were set out and partaken of in a friendly spirit by the two commanders."

Contrary to the opinion formed by the first inspection, Decatur found his prize capable of being refitted, and he determined to bring her to an American port. The *United States* was speedily repaired. In charge of Lieutenant Allen, who had made a jury-rigging for the *Macedonian*, turning her for the nonce into a barque, captor and captive set sail for the United States. On the 4th of December his prize entered the harbor of Newport, and it was upon this occasion that the old song was written from which the stanza at the head of this article is taken.

Nothing could be more dramatic than the way the victory was announced at Washington. Midshipman Hamilton, who was in the engagement with Decatur, and served with signal bravery, was sent with the captured flag of the *Macedonian* to present it to his father, Paul Hamilton, then Secretary of the Navy. He arrived in Washington on the evening of the 8th of December. A ball was in progress, and the Secretary of the Navy was present. The room was filled with beautiful women, with men in all the color and glory of gold lace, epaulets, and side-arms, when Hamilton entered. He carried the flag of the *Macedonian* wrapped about his shoulders. Instantly he was surrounded. The silk-stockinged dandies caught him up on their shoulders, and it is even on record that, strange to the customs of the times, dignity for once was cast aside, and a cheer rang through the ballroom. In the possession of the author is a letter (hitherto unpublished) written by Mrs. B. H. Latrobe, grandmother of the present Mayor of Baltimore, to Mrs. Juliana Miller. It gives such a graphic picture of the times that an extract from it cannot fail of interest. The letter is dated Washington, December 14th, and reads thus:

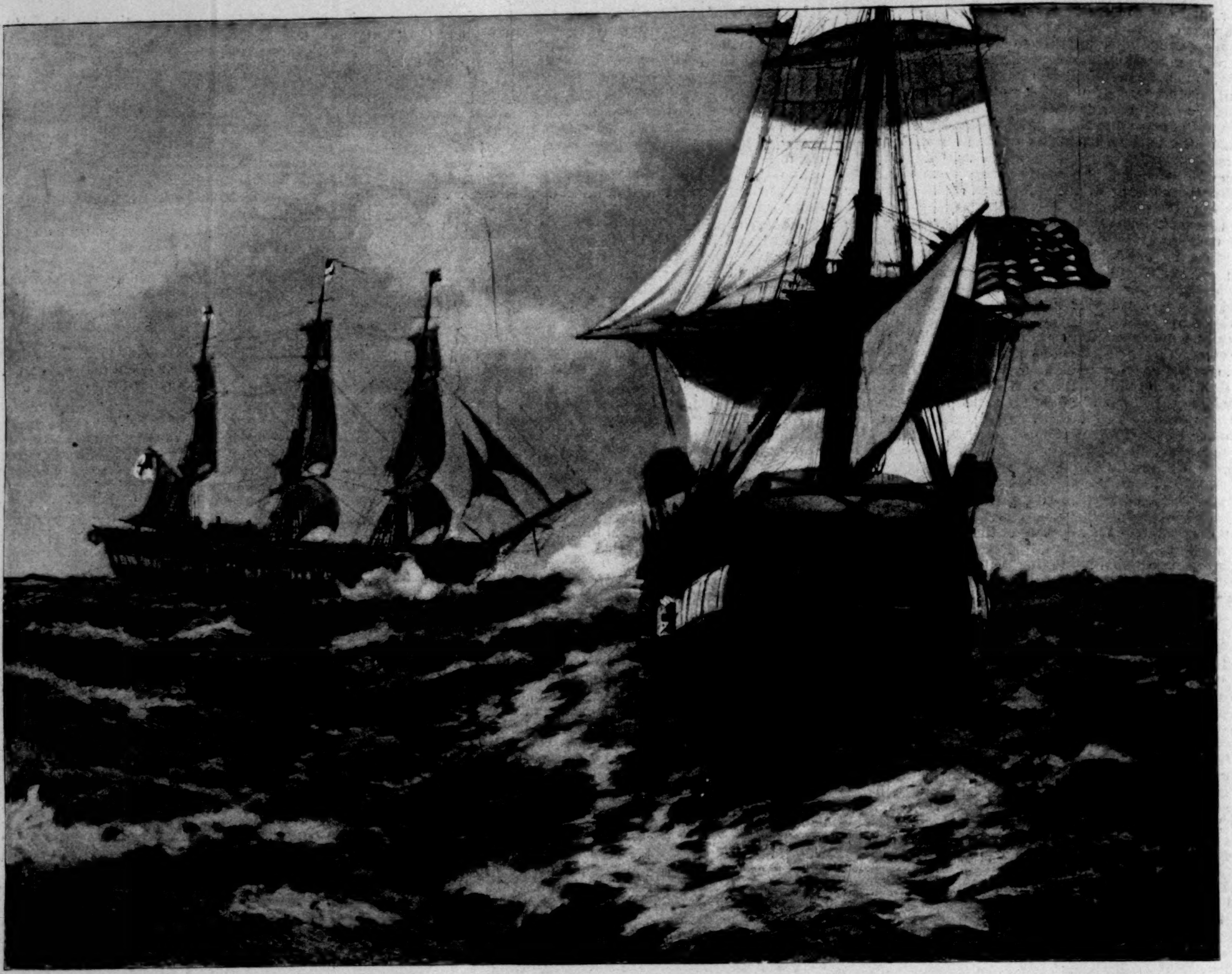
"The dulness of the city has, however, been removed in some degree by a splendid entertainment on board the frigate *Constellation*. We were invited to be there at eleven, to pass the day. The vessel lay about half a mile from the shore, and two very elegant barges of twelve oars conveyed the company. This was the only unpleasant part of the amusement, for the day proved extremely cold, and a high wind was blowing. However, we all arrived safe about twelve, and the deck was closed in with flags, awnings, etc., and two stoves so effectually heated it as to make the temperature delightful. The dancing soon commenced, and continued till three, when the boatswain's whistle called us to a magnificent dinner below. The President and Mrs. Madison were seated at the end of a very long table; but I cannot tell you all the company, and can only say that the number was said to be five hundred. After dinner the dancing commenced again, and continued till about six in the evening, when the company broke up. On Tuesday a very splendid ball was given to the navy officers Hull, Morris, Stewart, etc. My husband could not be absent, as he holds an office in the Navy Department, and I was not sorry we went, as it is not likely I shall ever witness such another scene. At about five in the evening my husband came home, and informed me that we must immediately illuminate our house, as the account of a victory gained by Commodore Decatur had just arrived. My house in ten minutes was prepared for lighting up, and we prepared for the ball. The Avenue was very brilliant on our way to the Capitol Hill, and, the company assembling, the crowd was immense. Mrs. Madison was there, but not the President. The evening went on, with crowding as usual upon the toes and trains of those that did not dance, when, about ten o'clock, a loud huzza announced the arrival of young Archibald Hamilton, who had that moment appeared with the colors of the *Macedonian*. He was borne into the room by many officers. Good little Mrs. Hamilton, his mother, stood by me, and was so much agitated at the sight of her son that she must have fallen had I not stepped forward and offered her my arm. The young man sprung into her arms, his sisters threw their arms around him, and the scene was quite affecting. The colors were then held up by several gentlemen over the heads of Hull, Morris, and Stewart, and 'Hail Columbia' played, and there were huzzas until my head swayed.

"The aforesaid colors were then laid at the feet of Mrs. Madison. *O tempora! O mores!* This was rather overdoing the affair. I forgot to say that the flag of the *Guerrière* was festooned on one side of the room, and of some other vessel. Now, between ourselves, I think it wrong to exult so outrageously over our enemies. We may have reason to laugh on the other side of our mouths some of these days; and as the English are so much stronger than we are with their navy, there are ten chances to one that we are beaten. Therefore it is best to act moderately when we take a vessel, and I could not look at those colors with pleasure, the taking of which had made so many widows and orphans. In the fulness of my feelings, I exclaimed to a gentleman who stood near me, 'Good heavens! I would not touch that color for a thousand dollars!' and he walked quickly away, I hearing the gentleman say, 'Is it possible, Mrs. Latrobe?' I looked around, and it was a good staunch Federalist from Rhode Island, Mr. Hunter, so that I shall escape hanging after so treasonable a speech."

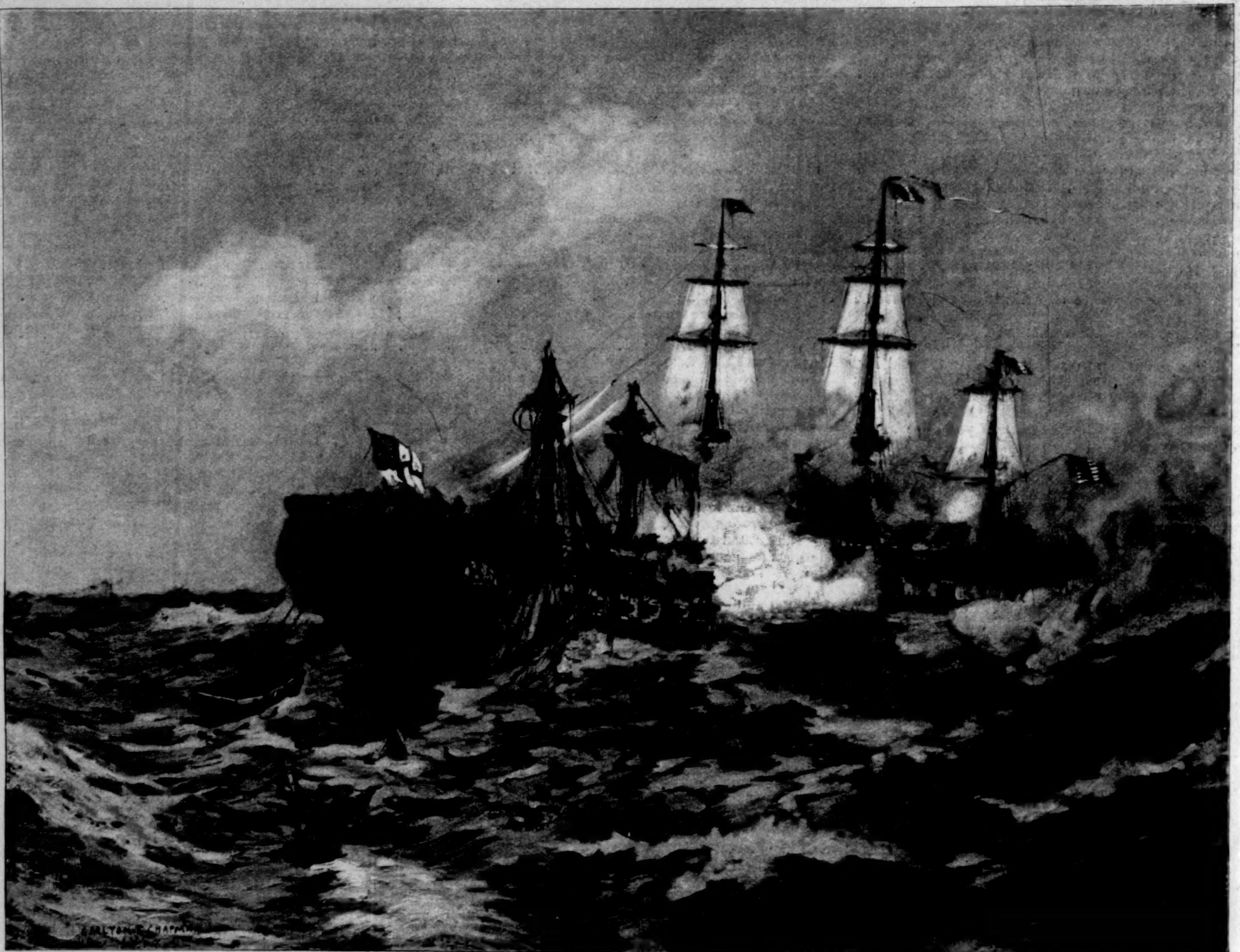
Perhaps the circumstances were a valid excuse for the cheering; but this letter is a strange side-light on some of the feeling of the times.

All through the country Decatur became the hero of the hour. With a record for intrepidity and gallantry behind him, gained by his actions during the war with Tripoli, handsome and young, he became the idol of the public. Congress, by a unanimous vote, gave him a gold medal. The Legislatures of Massachusetts, New York, Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Virginia gave him thanks. The city of New York gave him the freedom of the city and a magnificent sword, and tendered to his crew a banquet at the City Hotel. Four hundred seamen sat down at the long tables, and the memory of that feast of rejoicing was long kept green in the service. As a picture of the times, a short account taken from a contemporaneous history, *The War*, of the banquet given Commodores Hull, Jones, and Decatur is of interest. This banquet was given on the day after the freedom of the city was presented to Captain Hull. He and Decatur were present; Jones was absent. At five o'clock about five hundred guests sat down at the tables, De Witt Clinton, the Mayor, presiding. "The room had the appearance of a marine palace," said an eye-witness. It was colonnaded around with masts of ships entwined with laurels, and having the national flags of the world. Every table had a ship in miniature with the American flag displayed. On the wall was a mainsail of a ship, and when the third toast, "Our Navy," was given, with three cheers, this sail was furled, revealing "an immense transparent painting of the three naval engagements in which Hull, Jones, and Decatur were respectively engaged." Too great to be spoiled, Decatur still remained the quiet, simple hero, before whose eyes were spelled two words, Country and Duty; the one, he lived to serve; the other, to fulfil. And, alas! he died a victim to that curious strained sense of honor that kept men demanding explanations, and led them to shoot one another under God's sky, surrounded by their friends, in a duel to the death. He was killed by Commodore Barron at Bladensburg on March 22, 1820. Commodore Bainbridge was Decatur's second, and he, with others, had made many ineffectual attempts to avert the unfortunate meeting.

JAMES BARNES.



"SUDDENLY THE ENGLISHMAN CHANGED HIS COURSE, SQUARED HIS YARDS, AND CROSSED DECATUR'S BOWS."



"CARDEN HAULED DOWN HIS COLORS, WHICH HAD BEEN HOISTED ON A SPAR AT THE STUMP OF THE MIZZENMAST."

THE ACTION BETWEEN THE "UNITED STATES" AND THE "MACEDONIAN," OCTOBER 25, 1812.—[See Page 1015.]

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Editor *Patriotic American*, Detroit. Supreme President.

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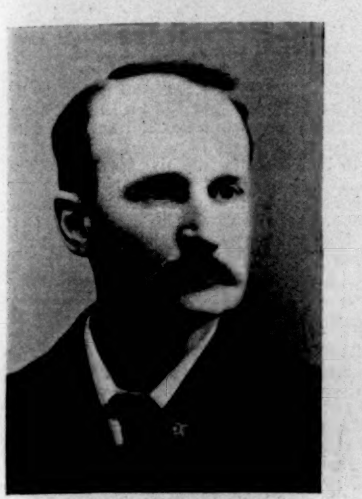

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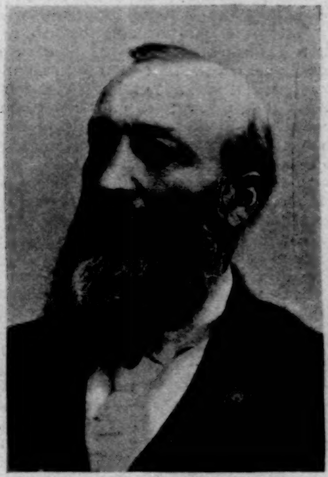

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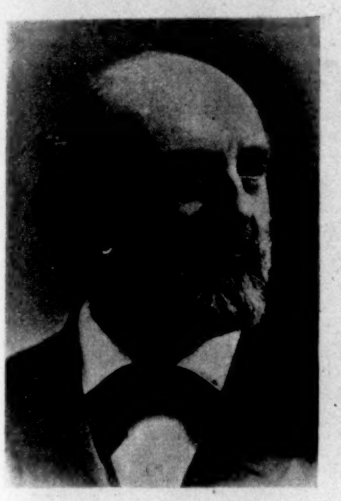

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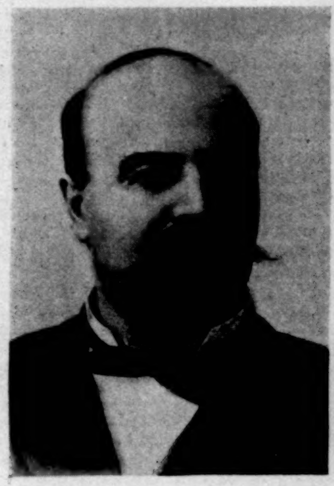

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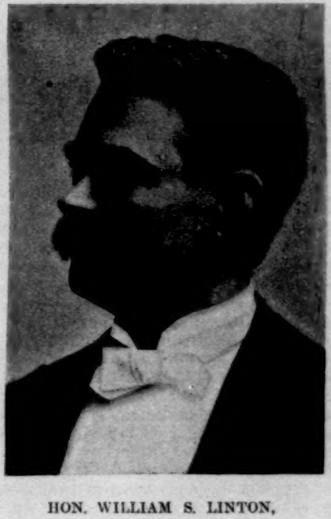


HON. WILLIAM S. LINTON,
Member of Congress from Michigan.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION.

ONE of the more recent, potent, and uncertain factors in current politics is the American Protective Association. What its numbers may be is largely matter of conjecture. Being a secret society, its members prefer to speak on that point in possibly exaggerated terms. If, as some assert, it contains from two to three million voting American citizens, its influence on local and general government will be unquestionably great. While diffused throughout the country, it is said to be strongest in the South and West. Its constituents exhibit great interest in political strife, and say that they never fail to cast their ballots at the polls when they can do so legally, and that those candidates only who are favorable to their aims and principles receive their votes. Jews, Protestants, and thinkers of all classes, except the Roman Catholic, are freely admitted to membership on satisfactory proof that primary allegiance to the national Constitution as expressing the mind and will of the American people is the faith and practice of the candidates. It is assumed that the excepted class are primarily and conscientiously subjects of the Roman pontiff, and therefore cannot be loyal American citizens. The protestations of Dr. McGlynn that no danger to our form of government from the Catholic Church or its priests need be apprehended, that they would not destroy American institutions if they could, and could not if they would, are held to be discordant with authenticated facts. It doubts or denies the statement of Mr. Patrick Egan in his letter (September 11, 1894) to Mr. Joseph H. Mauley, chairman of the Executive National Republican Committee, that "the Roman Catholics," constituting so large a portion of the population, "never have sought, and never will seek, any advantage over their fellow-citizens"; that "they never have countenanced, and never will countenance, either persecution or proscription against any other section of the people on account of their religious belief"; that "they never have been, and never will be, found second to any section of the people in their allegiance to this republic, to the attainment and establishment of whose freedom, to the preservation of whose unity, and to the protection of whose institutions they have on more than two thousand battle-fields sealed their devotion with their blood"; and that "they have never sought in the past, nor will they seek in the future, any more than that equality to which, under the Constitution of the country, they are entitled."

In justification of this denial the A.P.A. adduces alleged aggressions of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and its demand for division of the public-school funds, the almost universal appropriation of public offices by Roman Catholics, their virtual proscription of non-Catholic candidates, their assaults through pulpit and press upon the free-school system, and their acceptance of Monsignor Satolli as the representative of the Pope, and as invested with absolute authority over the consciences of all co-religionists. Ignoring the splendid patriotism of many distinguished Roman Catholics in the past of the nation, in view of the grievances specified, the A.P.A. sees in all Roman Catholicism a constant menace to the rights, liberties, and perpetuity of the American republic.

The association professedly disavows all opposition to Roman Catholic faith and practice in so far as they do not govern political action, and affirms that antagonism begins when they oblige professors to vote as Roman Catholics, and not as independent citizens. That such voting is common is held to be obvious from the frequent election of Roman Catholics on one ticket, while all non-Catholic candidates on the same ticket fail of election.

Unlike the extinct "Know-Nothings," the A.P.A. is not a distinct political party, neither does it discriminate against foreign-born citizens as such. It not only claims "America for Americans" of native birth, but for "all who will be true Americans, irrespective of race, color, creed, original nationality, or previous condition of life." Cosmopolitan in welcome of would-be citizens, it is none the less intensely national in the requirement that all shall relinquish the ideas, customs, feuds, and obligations of former environment, and shall accept in good faith the language, notions, institutions, and flag of the United States. The highest welfare of the national body-politic is what the organization is designed to promote. Any member of it selfishly laboring in his own interests, and not for the greatest good of the greatest number, is said to be promptly extruded.

Difference between profession and practice, both of persons and of parties, is sometimes for the better, and not infrequently for the worse. History shows that some churchmen and politicians have been better than their creed, and that others have fallen morally below it. The true inwardness of any and all is manifest outwardly by what they do. The tree is known by its fruits. This, in the estimation of Roman Catholic writers like George Parsons Lathrop and Frederic R. Coudert, is so bitter and unpalatable in the case of the A.P.A., that they denounce it as evil. Multitudes of men have two creeds—one for private and one for public life, and the two are often at variance. The preaching of the pulpit is not always in concord with the confession of faith, nor the work of responsible legislators with the utterances of party platforms. Practical politicians regard this inconsistency as "happy," because conducive to the progress and peace of the public. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."

By the creed as much as by the deed, and in numerous instances by the creed more than by the deed, does the A.P.A. judge Roman Catholics, with the freest exercise of whose worship and teaching they disclaim any desire to interfere. Their postulate is that the Romanist will always exemplify his creed in politics, and that the pontiff and his agents always have dictated important political action, and always will. "A point of Catholic doctrine," writes Father Brandi, S.J., in an article on "The Policy of Leo XIII.," "fully accepted by the episcopacy, and publicly taught in all the Catholic schools of Catholic Ireland," was "the Holy Father's right to interfere in political matters whenever they encroached upon the religious interests of Catholics, or were related to faith or morals"—a right insisted upon in all countries. "The Pope," writes another Catholic, "being admittedly the supreme judge of all questions of morals, and politics being at bottom morals applied to the public life of nations, he is therefore the supreme judge of the rights and wrongs of politics." And yet, even in Ireland, and much more in the United States, a large section of the Irish Catholics, while receiving their religion, refuse to accept their politics from his Holiness, and refuse to allow interference or superiority in temporal or civil affairs. The logic is with the non-Catholics, but real patriotism is not less with the constantly increasing number of Catholics who choose to act politically as they, on individual responsibility, deem right and best. Yet, in face of the facts, the members of the A.P.A. refuse to support any Roman Catholic candidate because, in the exercise of conceded right, he is religiously a Roman Catholic. Their right to do so is undoubtedly legal; whether it be reasonable or wise to exercise it is an entirely different question. For Romanists to vote solidly for Romanists *as such*, and without regard to personal character or fitness for official duty, cannot be defended on public grounds; nor is the defence less impossible when non-Romanists adopt the same policy.

Whatever may be done in secret by the American Protective Association is likely to be proclaimed in the face of the sun from the very house-tops. Popular judgment of its merits or demerits must rest on its own deliverances and procedures. In the published declaration of principles by the late session of "The Supreme Council of the American Protective Association of the World," held at Des Moines, Iowa, in 1894, the first clause makes "loyalty to true Americanism, which knows neither birthplace, race, creed, nor party....the first requisite for membership in the American Protective Association." The second disclaims political partisanship, and affirms that the order teaches its members "to be intensely active in the discharge of their political duties in or out of party lines, because it believes that all problems confronting our people will be best solved by a conscientious discharge of the duties of citizenship by each individual." The third, while tolerant of all creeds, holds that support of any ecclesiastical power of non-American character, and which claims higher sovereignty than that of the United States, is irreconcilable with American citizenship. Therefore it is opposed to the trust of official functions in any political position to such subjects or supporters. The fourth upholds the constitutional guaranty of religious liberty, and interprets it as restricted to the individual, and not as permissive of claim by any un-American ecclesiastical power to "absolute control over the education of children growing up under the stars and stripes." The fifth considers "the non-sectarian free public schools" as "the bulwark of American institutions," and protests "against the employment of the subjects of any un-American ecclesiastical power as officers or teachers of our public schools"—a prejudiced protest against the employment of Roman Catholics as such, whatever may be their real merits or qualifications. The sixth condemns "the support from the public treasury, by direct appropriation or by contract, of any sectarian school, reformatory, or other institution not owned and controlled by public authority"—a condemnation in which many liberal Catholics unite. The seventh believes that "exemption from taxation is equal to a grant of public funds," and therefore demands "that no real or personal property be exempt from taxation the title to which is not vested in national or State governments"—a demand in which not a few patriotic Catholics concur. The eighth protests "against the enlistment in the United States army or navy, or the militia of any State, of any person not an actual citizen of the United States." The ninth demands "for the protection of our citizen laborers the prohibition of the importation of pauper labor, and the restriction of all immigration to persons who can show their ability and honest intention to become self-supporting American citizens." The tenth demands the "change of naturalization laws by a repeal of the act authorizing the naturalization of minors without a previous declaration, and by providing that no aliens shall be naturalized or permitted to vote in any State in the Union who cannot speak the language of the land, and who cannot prove seven years' continuous residence in this country from the date of his declaration of intention." The eleventh protests "against the gross negligence and laxity with which the judiciary of our land administer the present naturalization laws, and against the practice of naturalizing aliens at the expense of committees or candidates, as the most prolific source of the present prostitution of American citizenship to the basest of uses." The twelfth demands "that all hospitals, asylums, reformatories, or other institutions in which people are under restraint be at all times subject to public inspection, whether they are maintained by the public, or private corporations, or individuals." The thirteenth demands "that all national or State legislation affecting financial, industrial, or commercial interests be general in character, and in no instance in favor of any one section of the country or any one class of the people."

This is affirmed to be a full and complete exhibit of the principles of the American Protective Association. Whether, as Mr. Patrick Egan asserts, the organization proscribes or encourages the proscription of Roman Catholics, and of persons in intimate association with them, whether it obligates its members not to employ Catholics when the services of Protestants may be had, whether it pledges members to seek counsel and aid of Protestants, and never of Roman Catholics, is not apparent. If such be the case, then the order to that extent is un-American and un-Christian. If such be not the case, then the accusation recoils with force upon those who affirm that it is. Whether, as charged, it be composed of aliens, that it mixes religion with politics—a charge greatly to its credit if the religion be that of the Christ, and to its discredit if it be only a caricature thereof—and that it is a secret political conspiracy against the government of the United States and of the several States, can only be determined by evidence not seemingly in possession of the public. In its absence, partial or complete denial of the charges is entitled to credence on the ground that the accused is to be regarded as innocent until proved guilty.

Efforts have been put forth in several States to brand the association as an unlawful conspiracy. Mr. Roche of Troy, a member of the New York Constitutional Convention, is said to have proposed the incorporation of a provision in the amended organic law of the State that would have the effect of throttling it. In Buffalo, where it boasts large share in the suppression of Sheehanism, it was stigmatized as a conspiracy. Failure followed the attempt to compel the Republican National Committee to either adopt or repudiate its doctrines. Failure to stamp it with illegality has attended attempts in Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, and other commonwealths. Its adherents claim that millions of Americans—Democratic, Republican, and Populist—firmly believe its doctrines. They also allege that every proposal of hostile legislation has emanated either from a Roman Catholic or from politicians dependent upon the Irish Catholic vote for continuance in place and power, and complain that in presence of this continuous assault no movement has been set on foot to include the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Clan na-Gael, or "Molly Maguires," and other secret societies, whose religious and ethical beliefs control political activity, in the category of associations conspirative and illegal. Much in each and all might profitably be dispensed with. All should stand, if they stand at all, on the broad firm ground of fundamental American dogmas, and of laws based on just and equal rights. The pot calls the kettle black. Each needs more or less of thorough house-cleansing. What is sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander. Human nature, however, is just what it is, not what it ought to be, and as it is, prefers roasting to being roasted.

Sound legislation, impartially and unfailingly enforced, is the avowed *desideratum* of the A.P.A. Its presence and power have been revealed in recent elections in New England and the Middle States, and will doubtless be felt in the approaching autumnal elections. Whether it adopts the wisest methods to establish good, honest, and thoroughly American government, free from sectarian and priestly interference, is a question that must and will be decided by American citizens in the light of general principles illustrated by historic experience. In some measure the A.P.A. and other like and unlike organizations, including Roman Catholic ones, are a revival on American soil of the religio-political societies which figure in, and too often disfigure, the pages of Irish history. They are exotics—particular, not general—seeking restricted, not national ends. Admitting, what conflicting bodies claim, that the leaders are men of education and intelligence, loving liberty and country, and resolute in the maintenance of natural and chartered rights, so much greater is the need of co-operation in antagonism to threatening evils from every source, and in promotion of the general welfare by all legitimate means. In such co-operation objectionable elements are eliminated, mutual understanding established, and humanity most powerfully uplifted to its highest possible ultimate.

The American Protective Association is still in the first decade of existence, having been founded on March 13, 1887, at Clinton, Iowa, by the Hon. Henry F. Bowers, a prominent lawyer in that city, and leading member of Council No. 1. The mother council of the order is located in the same place. Mr. Bowers served for six years as President of the order, and is now a member of the Supreme Council of the World. He was born in Baltimore (1837), is a member of the Methodist Church, and has filled many official positions. Much of his time is devoted to propagandism. He is said to have addressed over a million people within the past seven years.

RICHARD WHEATLEY, D.D.

GOLF,

AND SOME OF ITS ANCIENT TRADITIONS.

"But we will *put* it, as they say."
—*Love's Labor's Lost.—Act V., Scene II.*

GOLF, even more than tennis, is essentially the relief and the recreation of the middle-aged man. It gives him, in a mild form, something to think about, something to do, somewhere to go to, and some object to go for. It takes him out of doors, and out of himself. Exercise as exercise and nothing more is the hardest of hard work; but if there be a goal at the end of it, the middle-aged man will take exercise, and willingly. In the city he will promenade, upon paved streets, for miles to buy a newspaper which he can purchase on his own block; while in the country he will walk even more miles, over grass and heather, simply for the sake of putting a little round ball into a series of little round holes; and he will get no end of physical good and no small amount of keen pleasure out of the operation.

Dr. Jamieson, who spells it "Golf," "Goff," and "Gouf," speaks of it as a common game in the North Country; and he mentions "Shinty, an inferior species of Golf generally played at by young people." "In London," he adds, "the game is called Hackie. It seems to be the same which is designated Not [Knot] in Gloucestershire," the name being borrowed from the ball, which is made of a knotty piece of wood.

Golf is almost the only subject upon which Shakespeare does not touch, and it is almost the only topic which the contributors to *Notes and Queries* have not discussed. Even Strutt—who spells it "Goff"—devotes but little space to it, although in what he says about it he has been followed by all its later historians. He considers it the most ancient of all the games which are played with a ball and a bat; he says that it answers to a rustic pastime of the Romans, which they played with a ball of leather stuffed with feathers; he adds that in the reign of Edward III. it was called "cambuca"—a curved club, from *camag*, anything crooked or curved, and bandy-ball, from *bandy*, bent—and he gives an interesting illustration of two men playing bandy-ball, from a fourteenth-century manuscript illustration, which suggests our Shinney or Hockey rather than Golf.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who touches upon all sorts of subjects, and who touches nothing which he does not adorn, contributes a long paper upon Golf to the Badminton Library. He declares that to write the history of the game as it should be written would demand a thorough study of all Scottish Acts of Parliament, Kirk Sessions, records, memoirs, and in fact all Scottish literatures, legislation, and annals from the beginning of time. He feels that he himself is no longer young enough to go so deep into the subject; but from some of the Acts and literature which he *does* consult, he collects curious facts and anecdotes well worth repeating here. He shows that in 1592 the Town Council of Edinburgh prohibited the game on Sundays; that two early enthusiasts were prosecuted for "playing of the Gowff on the Links of Leith, every Sabbath, the time of the sermonses"; and that in 1604 one Robert Robertson, of Perth, sat in the seat of repentance for the same cause. He cites a number of distinguished golfers, from kings to caddies; and he quotes Colonel Fergusson as preserving the tradition that Dame Margaret Ross found means to convert herself into a Golf ball, for the express purpose of spoiling the game of her political adversary. "Can you conceive a meaner trick?" says the legend, "than when a hole was about to be 'halved,' and a gentle touch with the putter was all that was wanted to hole out, and so divide, her ladyship by rolling an eighth of an inch to one side caused the hole to be lost." One cannot help feeling, as Colonel Fergusson felt, that the political adversary had the best of this encounter, even if he lost his game, and that the lady in being knocked about by a strong arm and a hard iron must have paid dearly for her mischief. Dame Margaret Ross is supposed to have been the original of Lucy Ashton in *The Bride of Lammermoor;* but Scott does not allude to the legend of the Golf ball, and he doubts that she ever sold herself to the devil; her only witchcraft, he believes, consisting in the ascendency of a powerful mind over a weak one. Into what hazards and bunkers she drove her daughter, all the world knows.

Golf and football seem to have been prohibited in Scotland by James II. and by James III., in the middle and in the end of the fifteenth century, the former king issuing a statute that these amusements "be utterly cryed down," as interfering with the more serious and the more useful practice of archery. They might kill an Englishman with an arrow; they could only win a medal from him with "a putter" or "a spoon."

James IV., in his accounts with the Lord High Treasurer of his kingdom, is seen to have spent no little money on Golf "Clubbes and Balles" in 1503; and he is shown, by public documents still extant, to have played at the Golf with the Erle of Bothwile on the 3d of February in that year. After Darnley's death it is recorded that Mary Queen of Scots played Golf at St. Andrews—but not with the Earl of Bothwell; and on the 4th of April, 1603, her son appointed a certain burgess of Edinburgh "Maker of Clubs to His Majesty." This was one of the earliest acts of the reign of James, and Golf became the fashion at once, and once more. It was adopted as the favorite amusement of the aristocracy of Britain, on both sides of the border; and it figures among the healthful, pleasant, sensible sports which this same James VI. of Scotland and James I. of England prescribed for his eldest son. From an anonymous paper among the Harleian manuscripts Mr. Strutt quotes the following as showing Prince Henry's human nature and boyish predilections: "At another time, playing at Goff, a play not unlike to pale-maille, whilst his schoolmaster stood talking with another, and marked not his Highness warning him to stand farther off, the Prince thinking he had gone aside, lifted up his Goff-club to strike the ball; mean tyme one standing by said to him, 'Beware that you hit not Master Newton,' wherewith, drawing back his hand, said the Prince, 'Had I done so, I had but paid my debts!'"

There are boys still living, baldheaded and gray, who remember one famous afternoon, in St. John's Park, New York, when an unpopular schoolmaster, acting as umpire, was seriously doubled up by a baseball bat, discharged after the ball by a left-handed and much-kept-in pupil. The striker always declared it was "a slip"; but it was universally considered as the intentional settlement of many old scores. He was only the eldest son of a merchant prince; nevertheless, thus doth history repeat itself.

It is recorded that Charles I. was playing Golf on Leith Links in 1642 when he received the news of the Irish rebellion, and that he left the grounds at once and proceeded to London the next day. The latest crowned monarch to play Golf in Scotland was that admirable personage whom the English call James II., and the Scotch, James VII. When Duke of Albany, holding court at Holyrood, he played a match with one John Paterson, a poor shoemaker but a good Golfer, against two English noblemen, on these same links of Leith. The stakes were high, the Sassenachs were defeated, and Paterson pocketed the winnings, with which he built a house, standing to this day, on the Canongate, and still called "Golfer's Land," in honor of the event. Above its door is a Latin inscription thus roughly translated: "In the year when Paterson won the prize in Golfing, a game peculiar to the Scots, and in which his ancestors had nine times won the same distinction, he raised this mansion, to commemorate a victory more noble than all the rest." Whether the Scotch team—so curiously made up—was permitted to win out of pure loyalty to the crown is not explained, and how James came to surrender the entire stakes can never be explained at all. This, however, was without question the most profitable match at Golf which a handicapped professional player ever gained; and the reward is certainly the most substantial and the most enduring in the whole history of the game.

That Golf has contributed a bit of ancient slang to the language Robert Chambers points out in his *Book of Days;* and he explains that among the many trials of the players in Scotland were the rabbits which infested the links, and made little holes in the ground as preparatory to burrowing. These are called rabbit scrapes, or simply scrapes, and among the established rules in most of the Golfing associations was one indicating what was permitted to a player when he *got into a scrape;* and this he believes to be the origin of the picturesque and expressive phrase.

The links at St. Andrews, Fifeshire, the grand old university town of Scotland, claim for themselves the distinction of being the finest in the kingdom. They are two miles in extent, and they contain every variety of ground which the most enthusiastic expert can desire. The Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews was organized in 1751. It is national rather than local, and it is the parent of all other institutions of its kind, in any land. Among its members have been many of the amateur champions of the world, and her Majesty the Queen is its patroness to-day, although the last monarch to put himself on record as actually patronizing it was William IV., who presented a gold medal with a green ribbon, to be challenged and played for annually, as expressive of his approbation of that ancient institution. This was in January, 1837. The King died the same year, and Golf in Scotland is royal only in name and by nature. In America it is fast becoming Boss.

LAURENCE HUTTON.

THE PROGRESS OF MUNICIPAL REFORM IN PHILADELPHIA.

BY CLINTON ROGERS WOODRUFF.

MUNICIPAL reform in Philadelphia has had an intermittent growth, but a close study will reveal a steady though not very rapid progress. For some years after the late war partisan feeling in this city ran high. Patriotic men were anxious for national and State success, and cared little or nothing for the machinery by which large majorities were turned out, so long as their continuance could be confidently depended upon. As a consequence, large majorities were delivered, and no questions asked. The natural result followed: shrewd political manipulators soon intrenched themselves in the city, and utilized the city's offices and resources to serve their own ends. The seat of power was the Gas Trust, which, with its 1500 to 1800 employés, judiciously distributed among the 750 election precincts, soon came to be the dominating influence in all things municipal. Offices like those of the Sheriff, Recorder of Deeds, Register of Wills, were most lucrative, yielding their incumbents through fees, legal and otherwise, from $60,000 to $75,000 per annum. These offices were held by men satisfactory and subservient to the "ring." Councils were likewise under the control of the "ring."

The first break to mar the peace of mind of the local bosses was the organization, in the early fall of 1871, of the Citizens' Reform Association, designed by its constituent members to form a "balance of power" party. At this time a reform element was also forming in New York, where the rascalities and vulgarities of the Tweed régime were disgusting the citizens. In Philadelphia the "ring" managed matters with more shrewdness and intelligence and with less display of power than their New York brethren. Working thus cautiously, the dramatic element was wanting in our reign of iniquity, but we were, nevertheless, being most frightfully robbed and misgoverned. To demonstrate this was the work the Reform Association set itself to accomplish. Its active and animating spirit was Henry C. Lea, the distinguished historian, who, with a faithful few, worked along most laboriously, no detail escaping their attention. The association made war against the fee system, and determined if possible to secure the separation of elections and to institute a reform in the registry system. All three of these important reforms were successfully effected, and numerous minor ones.

It exercised considerable influence over the Constitutional Convention of 1873; did yeoman service in assisting in the election of Robert E. Pattison (now Governor of Pennsylvania) to the City Comptrollership, thus enabling the citizens for the first time in many years to get a glimpse at the actual methods of administration in vogue, besides saving the city many thousands of dollars by reason of the vigorous scrutiny he gave to every item of expenditure. It did good and effective service in sowing the seeds which blossomed into the Committee of One Hundred, and opened the way for subsequent work. It was in existence nearly a decade; but toward the end of the seventies its influence began to wane, and, one after another, its active members retired. As its influence diminished, the "ring" grew more powerful, and became more defiant and extravagant with public moneys; taxes were advanced; the city's debt increased about three millions per annum, with no corresponding increase in public improvements; the police force was a power in politics, contributing openly to campaign funds and serving as delegates in conventions, as did the firemen, the employés of the Gas Trust—in fact, all in the employ of the city. Office was doled out solely as a reward for party service or fealty; in a word, the ring's domination became complete.

But the reaction came; the bosses overreached themselves, and the Committee of One Hundred, originally one hundred Republican business men who hoped to bring about reform within party lines, was formed. It soon saw the futility of this policy, and adopted a platform calling for the nomination and election of a better class of candidates for office, and the prosecution and bringing to punishment of those guilty of election frauds, maladministration of office, or misappropriation of public funds.

This committee, with Philip C. Garrett as chairman and John Field as chairman of the campaign committee, got down to vigorous work in 1881, electing Samuel C. King, a Democrat, Mayor, and John Hunter, independent Republican, Receiver of Taxes. The committee for the next two years battled bravely for better city government, disregarding national and State politics; and the present greatly improved executive administration can be directly attributed to the work of this committee, and the agitation for a new and improved city charter, which culminated in the enactment of the so-called Bullitt bill, was materially helped on by it.

After a few years the people, however, under the ingenuous promptings of the press, began to ask of the committee, "Who made you a ruler and prince over us?" and once this sentiment began to gain ground the efficiency of the committee was lessened. Their motives were pure and unselfish, but after the people got over the first spasm of virtue they forgot all this, and began to chafe under the fact that these men were not directly responsible to anybody.

Following this committee, and composed of some of its more active members, came the Citizens' Municipal Association, still in existence, organized in April, 1886, "to sustain the constituted authorities in a faithful administration of the public service; to secure a strict fulfilment by public officers, employés, and contractors of all their obligations to the city and to the citizens."

This association may be called a "persistent prodder of delinquent officials," and has insisted upon contractors giving to the city all that it paid for and in the way agreed upon.

It is pledged to take no part in the election or nomination of officials to office, and is therefore obliged to confine its efforts to endeavors to convert men elected on the partisan and spoils basis, and pledged to aid their party by a judicious distribution of patronage, instead of being guided by the principle that public office should be considered solely as a public trust, to be administered only in the interests of the people. It has now about 225 members, and Mr. Joel J. Baily is the chairman of its executive committee.

In 1890 two measures of unusual importance to the future development of Philadelphia were before Councils for settlement—the Belt Line Railroad project, and the Reading Terminal bill, authorizing the Reading Railroad to erect a station in the heart of the city, and extend its tracks thereto. Adverse action was foreshadowed.

In February of this year a large town meeting in the interest of these two bills was held in the Academy of Music, and one of the results was the appointment of a committee charged with the duty of selecting a Citizens' Committee of Fifty "to assist in securing for Philadelphia such reforms as are demanded by our citizens and a more progressive government." In December the seventy-three members selected met and organized by electing Francis B. Reeves, who had been one of the most active and influential members of the old Committee of One Hundred, as chairman. The committee adopted a platform declaring for non-partisan municipal government managed in a businesslike manner, and took a leading and prominent part, assisted by the Municipal Association, in probing the City Treasury scandal following the exposure of the Bardsley defalcation. But in December, 1893, just three years after its formation, the Committee of Fifty disbanded, "not because the field has been won, but because," to use the words of Chairman Reeves, "it is thought that the work can be best done either by spontaneous associations of citizens called into existence to meet particular exigences as they may arise, or by other existing organizations working by different means and methods. With such organizations nearly all the members are now connected, and it is safe to say of these citizens that they will continue their efforts, in one way or another, until Philadelphia shall be released from the enfeebling, contaminating grip of corporations, and from partisanship and money in politics, and until every foe of honest government is conquered."

The Committee of One Hundred and the Committee of Fifty each did good and much-needed work in behalf of the city, and the Citizens' Municipal Association is still engaged in carrying out the purposes of its incorporation, to the manifest advantage of the city; but in all three bodies there was wanting that element of representation in the American and republican sense which is essential to continuous development and permanent reform; and further, none of these made any provision for distinctively *educational* work. To supply these two omissions many felt a newer and more comprehensive effort, with adequate provision for thorough and careful organization, was necessary, and in the autumn of 1891, as a result of many conferences and much discussion, the plan of the Municipal League was evolved.

The League is an organized effort to secure certain definite ends—the absolute divorce of municipal affairs from State and national politics; the extension of the principles of civil service reform to all departments; the conduct of the city's affairs by enlightened methods and upon business principles. To secure these ends the League proposes so to arouse public sentiment and awaken civic pride that the citizens of Philadelphia will consciously and deliberately demand such a conduct of the city affairs as will result in the highest possible municipal development. It does not feel that any permanent good will be achieved by a spasmodic effort, although such effort may have the excellent result of temporarily abating what for a time is an intolerable nuisance. But the politicians—the same in every city, and simply assuming the names Democrat and Republican in different cities as the party majorities may vary—have learned to allow periodical outbursts of public indignation to blow over, and then return to their old haunts and old ways, and rule with greater vigor, greater audacity, and less regard for public opinion.

To avoid this decline in public interest, to maintain the demand for good government at "the sticking-point," and to create what may be called a permanently insistent public spirit, is the problem to which the League is addressing itself The methods it pursues may be broadly designated as educational, but at the same time, in the truest sense of the word, practical.

The League proposes to conduct summer campaigns among the "stay at home" population; especially among the foreign and colored, to which perhaps we owe the largest obligations. The idea is to have specially prepared literature of an elementary character for the rank and file, and to keep the leaders in touch with the forward work, and supplied with all the facts and arguments in the case. The wish is to study their thoughts and habits, and become familiar with their methods and aspirations, so that we can at one and the same time sympathize with and inspire them. It is hoped that the work in these channels will be re-enforced by University Extension courses in civics and American history. Our greatest difficulty in working with these classes will be found in overcoming the temptations to which they are subject to barter away their votes and influence for money. The venal element among them is not absolutely larger than among the native whites, but relatively larger.

Work of this kind is slow. The problem is the same everywhere—how to arouse the indifferent; how to educate public opinion to demand the best and only the best; how to keep public opinion aroused and maintained at a point where it will effect its purposes and ends.

Added to the agitation carried on by and with the aid of the printed page, the League avails itself of every opportunity by word of mouth to secure a convert and press home a truth. Its systematic work along these lines comprises frequent Parlor Conferences, addresses before churches, labor organizations, and other societies and lyceums, as the opportunity presents or is created. The Parlor Conferences have proved most effective in arousing neighborhood interest, and in breaking the reserve which seems to have settled around those who should be most interested in the cause of good city government.

In the past, reform work has been necessarily temporary and spasmodic, because there was no way of knowing who among our neighbors were of a like mind, no effort being made to produce that feeling of comradeship and fellowship which helps the politicians carry so many contests to a successful end. New York is producing the needed *esprit de corps* so necessary to quicken and enliven the march through her City and Good Government clubs. We in Philadelphia are working toward a similar solution of the problem, but in the mean time are accomplishing considerable toward the same end through numerous local meetings in all parts of the city, and through our Ward and Division associations. In the Parlor Conferences we have valued assistance from the ladies of the Civic Club. Just as the Primrose League of England has been a source of inspiration and positive strength to the Conservative party, so the ladies of the Civic Club are enthusing and strengthening the hands of the Municipal League in its fight for better government and higher municipal standards in Philadelphia.

The League has increasingly frequent invitations from the labor organizations in the city to address them, and every such invitation is gratefully accepted. No more appreciative audiences greet its speakers than among these unions, and there is no more hopeful ground for missionary work. The laboring-man, believing as he does quite generally in the municipal control of natural monopolies, like gas, water, and transit, is very glad to aid and assist an organization that advocates the administration of the city's affairs on strictly business principles, because he realizes that until such methods prevail, governmental control will be but a partial success, if not a failure, for, with the present erroneous conception of the civil service, it would be worse than useless to increase the number of offices that can be treated as spoils. Then, again, the laboring-man is coming to realize that good city government will redound as greatly to the benefit of himself and his family as to any other class of the community. Streets well paved and well cleaned, rapid transit, and an abundant supply of good water and of cheap gas mean much to him, and lower taxes will eventually lead to lower rents. It will take some time to enforce this view fully; but the dawn appears, and the cordial reception tendered our speakers by these unions is a most encouraging feature.

When the League has aroused a sentiment in favor of good government, it proceeds to organize and train it so as to increase it and make it thoroughly useful for practical purposes. No matter how profound a sentiment may be, or how well informed some people may be on the subject, without an organization among them little of permanent value can be achieved. Until public opinion in favor of civil service reform in this country was not only aroused, but permanently organized, it made little or no progress. Now every official knows he has a C. S. R. A., either local, State, or national, to reckon with, and he will maintain the semblance at least of obeying the law's requirements. Prior to the formation of these societies and associations we all know how open and flagrant was the prostitution of public office to the spoilsmen's purposes. So it will be in municipal affairs; we must have a public sentiment aroused; we must leave no stone unturned to increase its intensity and intelligence; but we must go a step further, and by organizing it create an effective and potent influence for good. Let the "regulars" know they have to reckon with an intelligent body of voters, and they will be chary how they oppose the wishes of such voters.

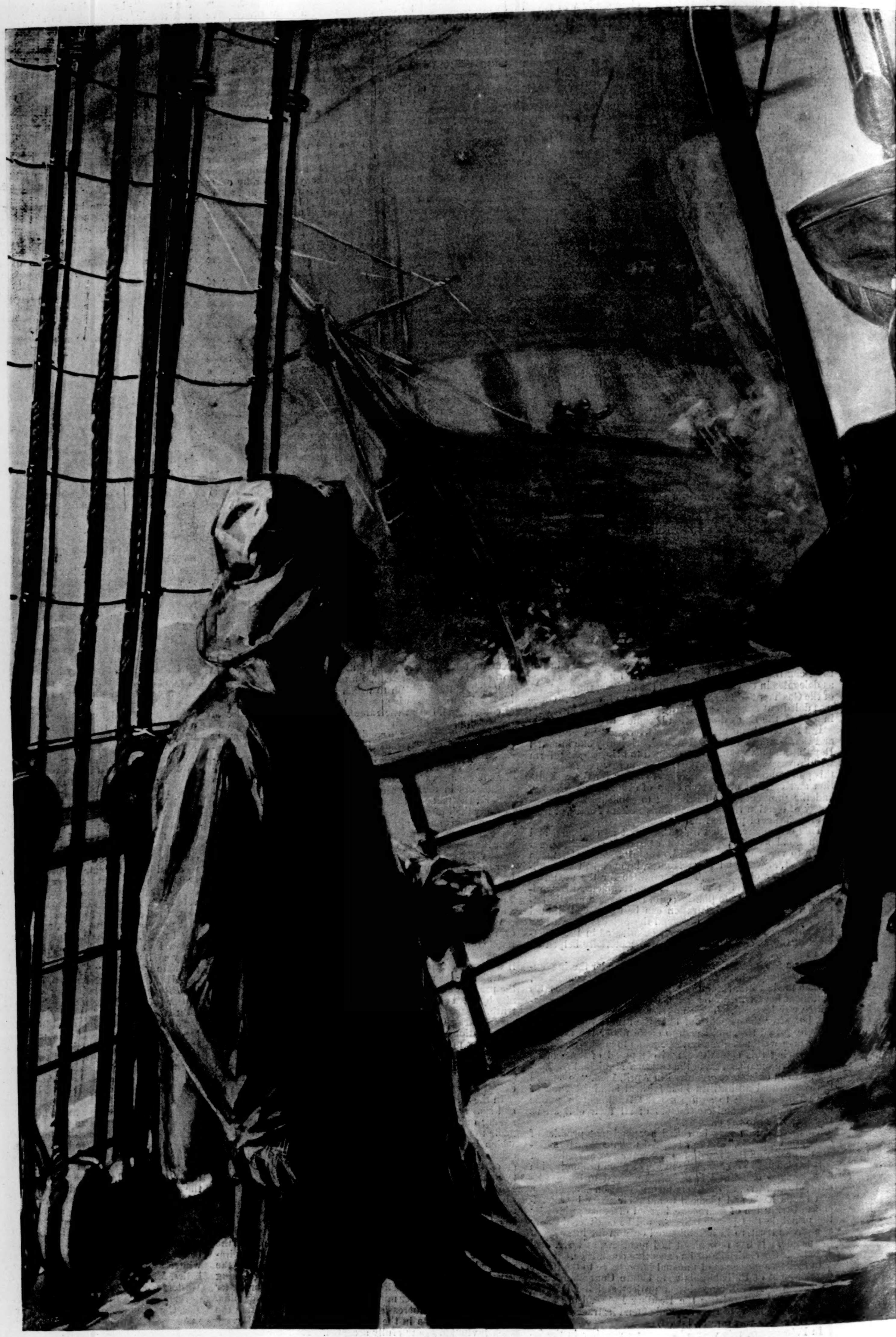
What the League is aiming to do is to form in each ward in the city a Ward Association and in each division a Division Association to carry on and develop the work within their respective limits.

When it is realized how thoroughly the regular politicians are intrenched, how minutely and completely they are organized, how well supplied with the "sinews of war," those interested in developing the city along the highest possible lines and evolving a higher standard must be instant in season and out, must keep "everlastingly at it," must leave no stone unturned to advance their cause. I do not like to use the word "reform" or "reformers," for what we need is not so much a reformation as an evolution, a growth, a passing from lower to higher forms; but in the absence of a better word we are restricted to its use—reformers, then, must realize the necessity of persistent organized effort. As has been intimated, they have frequently failed of achieving permanent results because their plans did not provide for a permanent organization upon representative lines. We have seen, in our consideration of municipal reform bodies in Philadelphia, that they have all been of limited membership, and in a certain sense self-constituted, and responsible to only a few of the large community. That their labors were self-sacrificing and public-spirited no one for a single moment would deny, yet they failed of making their results permanent. On the other hand, the Municipal League is truly representative, and open to every citizen of Philadelphia. The League appeals strongly to that sense of freedom which has been so highly prized in the abstract but so seldom exercised in the concrete in this country, in that it does not bind a man to support its candidates. A man does not lose his standing as a Municipal Leaguer if he "bolts" his ticket. A member of either of the old parties who bolts his ticket is debarred from further participation in determining the policy of his party. Of course votes are quite frequently received at primary elections from those who voted independently, because the result is a foregone conclusion, like one I heard of recently, where the delegate received his certificate of election an hour before the election was held. But let there be a contest where every vote counts, and then see how quickly the independent's right to vote is challenged. But I may be told no man has a right to shape the policy of his party unless he intends to support that party and its nominees, regardless of their fitness. To this I reply, he is the best party man who does not blindly follow it every time, but who has the courage to rebuke his party and tell it it is wrong. He is not the most truly patriotic who says, "My country, right or wrong," like Captain Hull, but rather he who, like James Russell Lowell in his *Biglow Papers*, practically said to his country, "In this matter [of the Mexican war] you have taken a wrong and unjustifiable course."

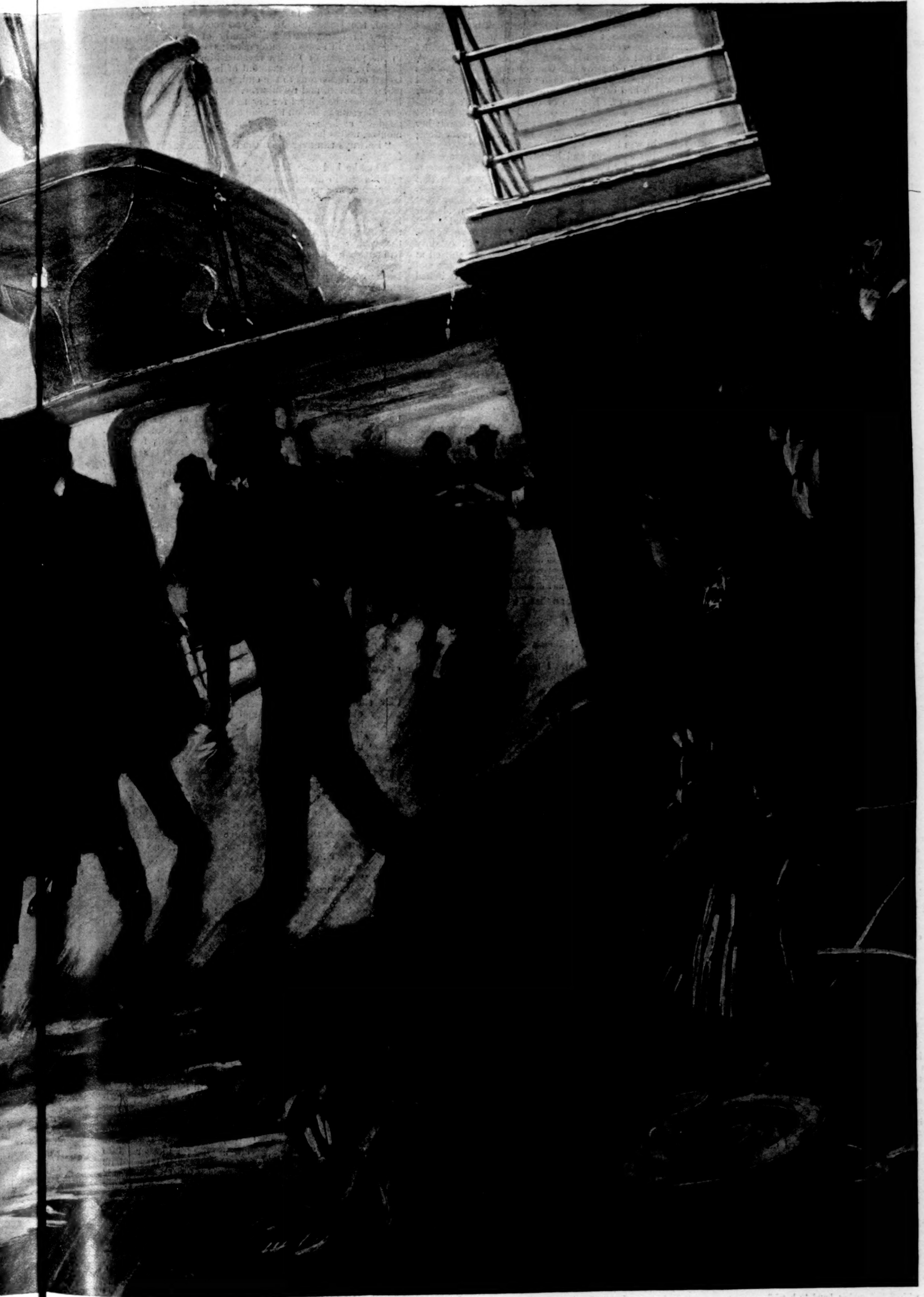
The League's fundamental law makes it entirely possible for every member to have a part not only in the election but in the nomination of candidates, and because of this it is less likely to be colonized than under a more rigid form of government. Suppose a lot of unscrupulous men secure control of the machinery of the League and place in nomination a notoriously bad man, known to be entirely out of sympathy with the League's principles? The incongruity of such action would bear its own refutation, and the nomination would be valueless.

Enough has been written to make clear the character of the organization. It is to be regretted that the lack of space, and the desire to say a few words about the Civic Club, will not permit a description of the two political campaigns already conducted, and the work actually accomplished, and the good already achieved.

No account of municipal reform in Philadelphia would be complete without a word about the Civic Club, to which reference has several times been made. It is an active organization of the ladies of Philadelphia "to promote by education and active co-operation a higher public spirit and a better social order." The club was started during the past winter as the results of the untiring efforts of two young ladies, Miss Cornelia Frothingham and Miss Mary Channing Wister, who by their inspiring activity have created and developed a most useful and aggressive body. Its president, Mrs. Cornelius Stevenson, has by her successful and tactful management brought together within its membership women from all walks of life. The club has stirred up a degree of interest and enthusiasm hitherto deemed unattainable, and it has been and is of large service to the Municipal League.



A CLOSE CALL.—



LL.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.

THE MASTER.*

BY I. ZANGWILL.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO WOMEN.

TWO days after Herbert's engagement, Matthew Strang left Devonshire on the plea of a death in the family.

A letter from Billy had indeed brought the news that Rosina's father was no more. Matthew had never thought untenderly of old Coble; the mountain of a man had acted generously after his lights, and now that he had fallen asleep in the sleep which knows no snoring, the pathos of death softened his son-in-law towards his memory and towards the bereaved daughter. Nevertheless Matthew's plea was only a pretext. He had no intention of intruding upon Rosina. He had no reason to suppose a visit would be welcome. The letter from Billy had included no message from her except a request, superfluously and irritatingly formal, that she should be allowed to give house-room to her aunt Clara, who had gone to live with old Coble when his daughter married. His reply to Billy contained warmly sympathetic reference to the loss of old Coble, and expressed his joy at the prospect of receiving Miss Coble.

His real reason for fleeing from Devonshire was his discovery of his real feeling towards Mrs. Wyndwood. When the frenzy of the stormy night had merged in the sober reflections of the mild morning, he shuddered to think how near he had gone to forfeiting her respect, to insulting her by the revelation of a dishonorable passion. To continue in her daily society would have been too great a torment, aggravated, as it must have been, by the sight of Herbert's happiness. Perhaps the rude reminder of his domestic shackles contained in Billy's letter strengthened his resolve to tear himself away. Courtesy compelled him to leave behind him an invitation to the ladies to take tea one day at his studio, which neither had ever seen. How could he snap abruptly the links he had forged with this delightful twain?

He threw himself with ardor into work, trying to soothe his pain by expressing it in art, as a woman sheds it away in tears. He toiled at a symbolic picture to illustrate Rossetti's sonnet, "Love's Fatality."

"Love shackled with Vain-Longing, hand to hand."

But he was very dissatisfied with it, feeling about, as it were, for a new manner worthy of her who inspired it. He wrote her once telling her that he had it on the easel, and reminding her and Miss Regan of their promise to visit him on their return from Devonshire, and he had from her an answer—elegantly indited on delicate crested paper, delicately scented—which he held often to his lips with a rankling, gnawing pain of unsatisfied and unspoken desire. She wrote that she was very anxious to see the picture, and also to be back in town, for she was weary of the country with its monotony, its lack of the complex thrill of civilization. Not that the town held much to enthrall her. Fortunately Olive had consented to the Paris project; she did not want to marry before next summer, and rather hailed the idea of a farewell quasi-bachelor bohemian period of art and liberty. What she, Eleanor, would do when she lost Olive, Heaven only knew. And then came the wail of world-weariness which his ear had caught already in the first stages of their acquaintanceship. He interpreted it in the light of his own blank unrest, but to imagine her hungering for him as he hungered for her was impossible to his reverent passion. That she admired and liked him he could not doubt; and in one or two instants of mutual electricity he had dared to think that Herbert was right and that she loved him. But his diffidence could never cherish the hope for more than a few seconds; and even if she indeed loved him, he felt that her delicacy, her finer, more ethereal ethical sense would preserve her from the wistful images that tortured him. It was the memory of her unhappy marriage to which her sadness must be due; no doubt, too, her life lacked love, though she might not be consciously aware of it.

When she at last came to see the picture he was startled to find her alone, and the bearer of a message of apology from Miss Regan. His studio being, so to speak, a place of business, he was not unaccustomed to receive unattended ladies in connection with commissions, but his poor agonized heart—that had so ached to see her again—pulsed furiously with mad hope as her stately figure, clad in widowlike black that set off her beauty in novel lights, moved slowly about the great studio, from which he had forgotten to remove pictures which he would have hidden from her in the days when he thought of her more as a spiritual critic than a woman. Now, even though she stood before him making remarks, he was too distraught to catch the purport of her criticisms. He followed her about in a haze, a dream, speaking, replying, and feeling all the while as if it was all part of a game of make-believe, and that in a moment the thin pretence would be thrown off and she would be in his arms. But the moments passed, the haze cleared, and he realized that he was entertaining a fashionable, self-possessed lady, wrapt up in artistic interest, with no apparent relation to the woman who had flushed with the passion of the sea and the winds on that night of stress and storm.

His mind flew back from her bodily presence to picture her leaning against his arm, and the memoried vision seemed incredible. She was unapproachably demure in her black crépon dress, with its great puff sleeves of watered silk and its turn-down collar edged with jet and finished off with soft folds of black lace ending in a jabot. At the elbows the great puffs dwindled to tight-fitting sleeves with six rows of jet round the wrist, giving an old-world feeling. Over the shoulders she wore a little black velvet cape embroidered in jet, with a beaded fringe, finished off with a filmy black lace reaching just below the waist. At her throat was a large watered-silk bow with ends. And from this harmony of black the blond skin of the throat and face rose dazzling, crowned above all by a small pink bonnet, of shamrock shape, entirely composed of roses, with a lace and jet butterfly fluttering over it. Now and then she pointed out something with a long black-gloved forefinger. Her left hand held a dainty little book, that looked—like herself—poetry. How far away she seemed, standing thus at his side! He was in a fever of chills and heats.

She stopped longest before his unfinished picture of "Love's Fatality." He heard her approving his conception of—

"Love shackled with Vain-Longing, hand to hand,"

but, even as her ravishing lips spoke golden words of praise, his vain-longing to kiss them admonished him how feebly his symbols expressed the heart-sickness he was feeling. The longer he heard the music of her lauding voice, the more those gray eyes kindled below the pink bonnet in adoration of his genius, the more his disgust with the picture grew, and when a chance word of hers reminded him that the subject had already been treated in the last Academy, he determined to destroy his work the moment she was gone, though he had always been aware of the little skied picture which had drawn Miss Regan's eccentric attention. The last vestiges of his hope of her love died as she discussed "Love's Fatality" with apparent unconsciousness that to him at least the picture stood for something personal; her aloofness was exacerbating. The heat of his fever died; only the chill was left.

He gave her some tea, and became gradually aware that she was abnormally loquacious and vivacious. He remembered to ask after Miss Regan's health, and was told that Olive was bright and gay, with only rare reactions of pessimism. Mrs. Wyndwood wondered dolefully again what she would do when Olive was married. His heart, bolder than his lips, pulsed: "Come to me! Come to me!" But she did not seem to catch its cry, though his eyes spoke too. In his embarrassment he turned over the pages of the dainty little book she had laid down on the table. He started at finding it a new volume of Harold Lavender's poems, and when on the fly-leaf he read "To Eleanor," his face twitched noticeably.

"Ah, that was the book Mr. Lavender wrote about in the letter that Primitiva lost," she said, quickly. "It's just out to-day."

"I see he calls you Eleanor," he observed, tonelessly.

"Yes," she responded, smiling; "that is a poetic license. Besides, it is a screen. There are so many Eleanors."

That sounded true to his bitter mood. There were indeed so many Eleanors, all in contradiction. He kept turning over the leaves in silent jealousy.

"Ah, that is a very pretty one you have there," she said, lightly. "It might suggest a subject to you. Read it aloud; it's only ten lines."

Fuming inwardly at the suggestion that the dapper poet of sugar-plums and the hero of the nougat, whom he mentally classed with Roy as an interloper, could afford him any inspiration, and further incensed by the command to read the fellow's verses, he gabbled through the little poem, which extended over two deckel-edged, rough, creamy pages.

"ROSALIND READING AN OLD ROMANCE.

"I watch her dainty rosebud mouth,
That trembles with the exquisite
And wondrous tide that steals from it
Of song, redolent of the South;
While o'er her April countenance
The music of the quaint romance,
The sweeter for a sense of pain,
Sends sun and shade; and lost in dream
Her sweet eyes softly flash and gleam
With golden smiles and diamond rain."

"I hope she read it better than that," laughed Mrs. Wyndwood, mirthfully.

"Well, she couldn't make the fourth line scan, anyhow," he said.

"Oh, you mean 'redolent.' That's another poetic license."

"And Rosalind seems to be another," he said, surlily.

"Oh no; I'm not Rosalind. I haven't a dainty rosebud mouth. Mine is a full-grown rose, at least." And her laugh showed the white teeth gleaming against the red lips.

Her arch laughing face so close to his across the little tea table tantalized him intolerably.

"It is a red, red rose," he whispered, hoarsely, half rising and bending over as if to survey it.

"Beware of the thorn!" she laughed, nervously, drawing back involuntarily. "And to think that but for the coastguard who found Primitiva's letter," she rattled on, hastily, "some other fair lady would have had the honor of the dedication."

"One of the other Eleanors, perhaps," he said, sulkily, resuming his seat.

"Poor Primitiva!" she cried, in unabated hilariousness and intensified volubility. "Oh, she's been such fun. You know Olive brought her to London. She begged her away from her father, to the excessive joy of Primitiva, who has become her devoted slave. The other night Olive took her to the theatre with us, and would have her in the box. She had been wrought up to a wild excitement, and when she got inside the theatre and looked round at the festive company she drew a deep breath of rapture. She said she liked it very much. Long before the orchestra struck up, Olive discovered that Primitiva imagined she was already in complete enjoyment of the play, and that to sit in the theatre was all in all. Only one thing marred Primitiva's pleasure. She was looking round furtively for your cousin, and at last asked where Mr. Herbert sat; not, it transpired, because of his position as Olive's *fiancé*, but because she had heard us talk of Herbert as writing a play, and imagined he was an inseparable adjunct of the theatre. Of course she doesn't know even now that there are more theatres than one. When the overture struck up she was surprised and delighted by this unexpected addition to the pleasures of the evening. The rising of the curtain was the climax of her astonishment and her transport. The action of the piece—a melodrama, purposely chosen for her behoof by our sportive friend, psychologically experimenting upon her freshness—seized her from the start, and kept her riveted. The fall of the first curtain and the arrest of the innocent man for the murder left her weeping bitterly. 'It isn't real, you little goose!' Olive said, to pacify her. 'Isn't it?' Primitiva replied, opening her brimming trustful eyes to their widest. She gave a little sobbing laugh. 'And I thought they was all alive!' Then she rose to go, and was astonished to hear that there was more. Alas! it would have been better had she gone. When the hero's wife, visiting the hero in prison, kissed him, Primitiva inquired if the actor and actress were really married, and learning that they were not, was too disgusted to sympathize any further with their misfortunes. It revolted her," concluded Mrs. Wyndwood, taking up her teacup with an air of preparing for the resumption of sips, "that a man who was not a woman's husband should kiss her." And her face gleamed more tantalizing than ever under the roses of her bonnet.

His fingers dented the teaspoon they fidgeted with; it seemed intolerable that his life should be spoilt by acceptance of the moral stand-point of this simple creature. He with his artistic agonies and his complex sorrows and his high imaginings to be squeezed into the same moral moulds as Primitiva! He refused to see the humor of her. The girl had no more interest for him than that irritating Roy. It was maddening to have Eleanor sitting there in cold blood, the Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood, an irreproachable widow in black, talking abstractly of kisses. Then the tense string of expectation cracked; the apathy that he felt in the presence of Rosina invaded him; he stirred his tea listlessly, awaiting the moment of her departure. As she talked on, loquacious to the end, prattling of Albert Moore, and Beethoven, and Swinburne, his apathy quickened into impatience; he longed for her to be gone. His hidden fingers played a tattoo on the side of his chair. She bade him good-by at last; she would not see him again for many months, unless he came to Paris.

"I always run over to do the Salon," he answered, indifferently.

When he had seen her, stately and stiff, to her carriage, and his studio door had shut him in again, he painted out his picture in a paroxysm of fury. His eye caught the silver regatta cup standing proudly upon the piano. He felt like dashing it down; then it occurred to him how fine and bitter a revenge it would be upon her and humanity at large to fill it with poison and drain it to the dregs. But he only threw himself upon a couch in a passion of sobs, such as had not shaken him since childhood. The great picturesque room, which the autumn twilight had draped in dusk, was ineffably dreary without her; his heart seemed full of dusk, and tears were a blessed relief in the drought. They probably saved him from ending his empty life there and then.

He rallied, and began other pictures, but he could do nothing with them. He refused commissions for portraits, hating the imposition of subject, and fearful of exposing his restlessness to a stranger's gaze. The return of the world to town renewed social solicitations, but he felt he was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and declined to parade it through drawing-rooms. Despite this gain of time, the weeks passed without any definite product. Always this rankling, gnawing pain of unsatisfied and unspoken desire. No man could work with that at his breast. And her rare letters did not allay it, though they spoke no word of love, but were full of enthusiasm for the free student life in Paris, the glorious camaraderie, the fun of dining occasionally for a few centimes in tiny *crémeries*, and going to the People's Theatre off the Boulevard Mt. Parnasse, where they gave a bonus of *cerises à l'eau de vie* between the pieces. Oh, if she had only been younger, less staled by life! If she could only begin over again. If she only had the energy of Olive, who started work at the Academy at the preternatural hour of 8 A.M. But she had lost the faculty of beginnings, she feared, and she made but poor progress in sculpture. That was the undercurrent of these gay letters, the characteristic note of despondency.

Rosina held out no hand of reconciliation. His only point of contact with her was through Billy, who paid him one visit to escort "Aunt Clara" over the studio. His wife had, it transpired, held forth so copiously and continuously upon its glories that the poor creature had plucked up courage to ask to see it, and Rosina, who had evidently concealed the breach with her famous husband, had besought Billy to convoy her. And so one day these two routed out the sick lion from the recesses of his den.

The appearance of Miss Clara Coble was as much a shock as a surprise to Matthew Strang. In the nine years or so since she had assisted at his wedding, an unimportant but not disagreeable personage, tall and full-blooded as her brother, she had decayed lamentably. She was now an ungainly old maid, stooping and hollow-eyed, with crow's-feet and sharpened features. She had a nervous twitch of the eyelids, her head drooped oddly, and her conversation was at times inconsecutive to the verge of fatuity. From the day of her birth to the day of his death, Mr. Coble had thought of her as his little sister, and he never realized the tragedy of her spinsterhood, of her starved nature, though under his very eye she had peaked and pined in body and soul.

But it leaped to the painter's eye at the first sight of her, and her image remained in his brain, infinitely pathetic.

The ugliness that in earlier days would have averted his eyes in artistic disgust drew him now in human pity. He grew tenderer to Rosina at the thought that she was harboring this wreck of femineity. It rejoiced him to think how much "Aunt Clara" was enjoying this visit to his grandeurs; he listened with pleased tolerance to her artless babble—in her best days she had always had something of her brother's big simplicity—as she told tale after tale out of school, repeating the colossal things her poor brother had said about his son-in-law's genius and wealth, recounting how Coble had thus become the indirect hero of the Temperance Bar, and unconsciously revealing—what was more surprising to the painter—the pride with which Rosina had always written home (and still spoke to her aunt) about her husband and his fashionable friends and successes. And poor Miss Coble expanded in the atmosphere of the great man, which she had never hoped to breathe. Her cadaverous cheek took a flush, she held her head straighter on her shoulders. He felt that after all it was worth while being famous if he could give such pleasure to simple souls by his mere proximity. The fame he had sold his body and soul for was a joyless possession; happy for him if it could yet give joy to others.

Billy told him that Ruth Hailey was in Paris at the Hôtel Windsor with Mrs. Verder, preparatory to the long Antipodean tour, and that he might perhaps call upon her when he went over to see the Salon if she were still there. Matthew wrote down the address, but said he didn't think he should go over that year. Billy looked disappointed; he had been about to suggest accompanying his brother. Life at Camden Town, he intimated fretfully, had resumed its dead-alive routine, and he glanced towards Miss Coble as if to imply that her advent had not brightened the domestic table.

When the visitors left, Matthew put them into a cab and drove with them a little way to purchase presents for the children. There was a doll for Clara and a box of animals for Davie. To Rosina he did not venture to send even a message. At a word from her he would have gone to her, but he had no stomach to cope with her tantrums.

This new reminder of home left him more depressed than before. It was impossible to concentrate himself upon his work, even in the presence of models. They were an unprofitable expense, and he dismissed them and brooded over the ruins of his life. He made one desperate excursion into society—it was the delightful dinner party of a gifted fellow-artist whose cultured and beautiful wife had always seemed to him the ideal hostess. A pretty and guileless girl, full of enthusiasm for Art and Nature and the life that was opening out before her, fell to his escorting arm; she was visibly overpowered by her luck and charmingly deferential; at first his responsive smile was bitter, but his mood lightened under her engaging freshness and the champagne he imbibed recklessly.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1950.

But the next morning's reaction, aggravated by the headache of indigestion, plunged him into more tenebrous glooms. But for the unkindly fates he might have sat with such a wife, the host and hostess of such a gathering. He pictured Eleanor receiving his guests, and in his factitious happiness he gathered the poor and the despised to his hearth. The images of suicide resurged. He saw it on the bills—"Suicide of a Popular Painter." Why not? The position was hopeless; were it not best to throw it up? How the world would stare! No one would understand the reason. Rosina would still remain unknown, irrelevant to the situation. And his eyes filled with tears in the bitter luxury of woe.

But he did not commit suicide, and all that the world, or that small portion of it which talks Art, wondered at was why Matthew Strang was unrepresented when the Academy opened in May. It leaked out that he had been ill, and there were sympathetic paragraphs which were not altogether misinformed, for he had suffered much from nervous prostration and acute headaches. That ancient blood-poisoning had left its traces in his system, and when he was worried and overwrought his body had to pay again the penalty of unforgiven physical error.

Again, as in those far-off days, he thought of a sea-voyage to his native village; it dwindled down to crossing the Channel. As the opening of the Salon drew nearer and nearer he felt more and more strongly that he must not miss the Exhibition. It was part of a painter's education. There was no need to see Eleanor Wyndwood; by remaining on the fashionable side of the river the chances were he would not even come across her casually in the few days of his stay. No; there was nothing to apprehend. And besides, it began to be increasingly borne in upon him that it was his duty to look up Ruth Hailey; she had called upon him at Camden Town, and etiquette demanded that he should return the call. What had she and Rosina talked about? he wondered dully. If he did not go soon she might be off to Australia, and the opportunity of seeing his ancient playmate would probably recur nevermore.

And so a bright May morning saw him arrive in the capital of Art, and breakfast hastily at the Grand Hôtel, and drive straight to the Latin Quarter. Other climes, other thoughts, and the gayety of the boulevards, with their green trees and many-colored kiosks, had begun to steal into his spirit, and his gloomy apprehension of danger to dissipate in the crisp sunny air. Why should he not see Eleanor Wyndwood?

And then he discovered he did not know her address; that she wrote from the English Ladies' Art Club. He hunted out the place, but the concierge told him she was not there, and gave him the address of the Academy most of the ladies attended; but this was the hour of *déjeuner*, and monsieur would probably not find them there till the afternoon. He grew downcast again, and dismissing the cab, he sauntered on foot towards the Academy, trying to kill time. He dropped into a tiny restaurant close by to get a cup of coffee; it was decorated by studies from the nude, evidently accepted in payment for dinners; a *Décadent* poet with a leonine mane sipped absinthe, a spectacled Dane held forth intermittently on the bad faith of England towards Denmark at the commencement of the century, and a Scotch painter discoursed on fly-fishing, and exhibited a box of trout-flies; hens fluttered and clucked about the two tables, and a goat wandered around, willing to eat.

Matthew Strang fed the hens, and was taken by the humors of the Quarter, of which he had only been permitted a glimpse in the first year of his married life; in a milder mood he repaired to the Academy, which was entered through a pair of large folding-doors that gave upon a stone corridor. He passed through a stone passage, and came out under a sloping wooden porch, with a broken wire-work at one side, and an untidy tree. At the top of a flight of stone steps that descended thence, he was stopped by a block of young American fellows in soft felt hats, who motioned him to stand still, and, to his astonishment and melancholy amusement, he found himself part of a group about to be photographed by a pretty young lady student in the sunny dusty courtyard below. The group she had posed stretched all down the steps, and consisted mainly of models—male and female. There were Italian women, dusky and smiling, some bareheaded, some hooded, and a few pressing infants—literal olive branches—to their bosoms. There was an Italian girl of fourteen with a mustache, who was a flare of color in her green velvet apron and gorgeous trailing head-dress. There were French women with coquettish straw hats, and a child in a Tam o' Shanter; there was a Corsican in a squash hat, with coal-black hair and a velvet jacket to match, and a little Spanish boy in a white hat. Thrown in as by way of artistic contrast with all this efflorescence of youth was a doddering pathetic old man with a spreading gray beard and flowing gray locks, and there were young lady students of divers nationalities—Polish, Greek, Dutch, and American—curiously interspersed in the motley group that stretched right down the stone steps between the stone balustrades that terminated in stone urns spouting disorderly twigs. Behind the pretty photographer were the green walls of the sculpture atelier, which, high beyond her head, were replaced by glazed windows into which a pink lilac bush, tiptoeing, tried to peep; around her were damaged busts, and packing-cases swarming with sportive black kittens; and towering over her head and dominating the court-yard stood a colossal classical statue, tarnished and mutilated, representing a huge helmeted hero, broken-nosed and bleared, sustaining a heroine, as armless but not so beautiful as the Venus di Milo, doing a backward fall. But the sun shone on the dusty litter and the mess, and the lilac bush blossomed beautifully, and over all was the joy of youth and Art and the gayety of the spring. Matthew Strang felt an ancient thrill pass through his sluggish veins. To be young and to paint—what happiness! His eyes moistened in sympathy with the scene. The models were redolent of Art—the very children breathed Art, the babes sucked it in. Art was a republic, and everybody was equal in it—the doughtiest professor and the meanest model. There was nothing in the world but Art—it was the essence of existence. There were people who lived for other things, but they did not count. Oh, the free brave life. He was glad to be photographed as part and parcel of all this fresh aspiration; it revivified him; he had a superstitious sense that it was symbolic.

The group scattered, dismissed by the "Merci" of the pretty photographer; and Matthew, descending the steps, asked her if Mrs. Wyndwood worked in her atelier. She did not know, but she guessed from his description it must be the artistic-looking lady who had dropped in once or twice in Miss Regan's company. Miss Regan came regularly every morning at eight o'clock, but not at all in the afternoon, when she worked at home. Miss Regan's own studio was about ten minutes away; probably her friend lived with her. Heartily thanking his informant, he betook himself to the little blind alley, his heart beating as nervously at the thought of again facing the Honorable Mrs. Wyndwood as when, in his young days, he had first saluted the magnificent uncle whose name he bore. He had an inward shrinking: was it wise to expose himself to the perturbation of another interview with this cold, stately creature, the image of whom, passing graciously to her carriage, was still vivid to him? But he could not go back now. He knocked at the door, a dingy portal that reminded him of his ancient studio in Camden Town. The blind alley was deserted; the sunshine lay on its empty pavements.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE EVOLUTION OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.

BY WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

THE founder of the modern navy of Japan is Count Katsu Awa, who is still living. The idea of it originated in his brain on the 7th of July, 1853. When the United States steamships *Susquehanna* and *Mississippi* mirrored our starry pennant on the waters of Yedo Bay, Captain Katsu, of the Tycoon's army, with his men laced up in armor of lacquered paper, hide, and iron, stood ready to repel the "barbarians." On seeing what were then the finest war-ships in the world, he was immediately converted. Then and there, making up his mind that the "barbarians" were on land and the civilized were on deck, he resolved, should he live, that Japan should have a steam navy. He has lived not only to see his grand idea carried out, but his country's ships win the first modern naval battle with steel and steam.

Katsu immediately made himself a pupil of the Dutchmen at Nagasaki, and afterwards commanded the war-ship *Kanda Maru*, the first Japanese steamer to cross the Pacific. His navigating officer was one Manjiro, who as a waif had been picked up on the ocean by an American skipper, educated in Massachusetts, and in a whale-boat built by himself was set adrift near the coast of Japan by an American captain. Unknown to Perry or his officers, Manjiro acted as interpreter and secretary during the treaty-making business at Yokohama. The *Kanda Maru* reached San Francisco safely, brought the first Japanese embassy to the United States, and returned safely home. Among the visitors was Fukuzawa—"the intellectual father of one-half of the young men of New Japan"—and "Tommy," whom so many elderly American ladies still pleasantly remember.

To glance further at the American influence, several of the later wooden ships of the Japanese navy were built in the United States, under the direction of our minister to Yedo, Hon. Robert H. Pruyn, and the first ironclad owned by the Japanese was the surrendered Anglo-Confederate ship *Stonewall*, which the Japanese rechristened *Adzuma*, after the romantic region of the great plain of Yedo.

Like so many other good things in Japan, however, the navy itself began with the Dutch. The first war-steamers owned by the Japanese, including the *Kanda Maru*, were presented by the King of the Netherlands, and the first naval officers were trained by the Dutch on the island of Déshima or educated in Holland. As early as 1852, Enomoto, now a cabinet minister, was learning about steam-engines with the Dutch. In 1856 he, with Akamatsu, now rear-admiral in H. I. J. Majesty's navy, was sent to Holland to study six years and to order new men-of-war. When the Schleswig-Holstein conflict broke out, these two young men went to the scene of war to observe modern military and naval methods. Returning to Japan on the new Dutch-built *Kaiyo Maru*, they found that already the Choshiu and Satsuma clans had purchased steamers and armed them with ordnance—the originals or copies of the Dahlgrens presented by our government, or fished up from the sunken Russian frigate destroyed at Shimoda in 1834 by a tidal wave. At the outbreak of the great civil war in 1868 the Tycoon's government possessed a fleet of seven modern men-of-war, mostly of Dutch origin, while the Mikado's party had not only in the main opposed the adoption of Western ideas, but were, when in power, without anything more than the germ of a navy.

As in our own civil war, the "rebel" party had by far the larger number of educated naval officers. With modern ships of a size unusual in the days of junks, but in the unsurveyed waters of Yezo, and especially in the harbor of Hakodate, June, 1869, a terrific naval campaign, which included a series of battles, began. The rebel ships were splendidly manœuvered, and the crews fought with determined bravery, but the imperialists, despite the inexperience of their officers and crews, possessed three ironclads. One, the *Kasuga Kan*, carried 100-pounder Armstrong guns. With these and their splendid artillery practice they were able not only to destroy the forts of the rebels, but to sink or destroy all their vessels. This naval campaign deserves more attention than historians have yet given it. As the *Merrimac* demonstrated the power of iron over wood, and as the *Monitor* dictated the reconstruction of all European navies, so did the *Kasuga Kan* with her 100-pounder guns settle the same question for Asia.

Besides the great fund of naval war experience gained, the need of surveys was now clearly seen. At this writing, with our eye upon a roll of the magnificent charts of bays and harbors of Japan and Korea, made in Tokyo, we doubt whether any country in the world produces finer hydrographers than those of Japan.

In the naval campaign which ended the civil war, Otori, now the ex-minister of Japan in Korea, commanded the "rebel" land and Enomoto the naval forces. When the latter had been sunk by the Mikado's ironclads, the two leaders, after first giving the imperialist commander a hint that Barkis was willing, sent as a present and peace-offering a copy of the *Complete Digest of the Maritime Laws of All Nations*, which Enomoto had formerly studied in Holland. The loyal admiral magnanimously took the hint, and returning a letter of thanks, wrote, "Some day or other we will cause a translation of these books to be published throughout the empire," adding five tierces of *saké* to refresh his fallen enemies. The surrender took place a few days later. Grandly and rapidly the wounds of war were healed. After a nominal imprisonment of the ablest men, and proper punishment of the implacables, the conquerors and the conquered joined hands to make the best government and the best army and navy in Asia.

The Japanese are imitators, but always with intelligence, selection, and improvement. They borrow in order to improve. Asking aid of French engineers, they sought the best place within reasonable distance of the capital for a navy and dock yard. This, after careful search, they located at Yokoska, twenty miles from Yokohama. There to-day may be found almost everything requisite for the docking, repairing, and even building of the largest and finest war-ships. I have visited this place, and have been amazed at the ample resources, thorough workmanship, and remarkable products there to be seen. Yokoska is a focus of modern science applied to national offence and defence. We believe that there are no ships now afloat which cannot be docked, repaired, or even built at Yokoska.

Historically, the neighborhood is one that charms the cultured student. It is on the shores of Goldsborough Inlet, around which are so many geographical names familiar to American ears, given by Perry's surveyors. Just over the hill, discovered in recent years, is the tomb of Will Adams and his Japanese wife. The farms and land of this English pilot and naval constructor, given by the first Tycoon, Iyeyasu, in 1609, now form part of Yokoska itself. Only a few miles away is Shimoda, where Townsend Harris, our first minister, without a ship or a soldier, won the initial treaty of commerce and foreign residence, which twenty nations have followed.

From a village of 1013 persons, Yokoska has become a great town. The first dock-yard was completed in 1872; the second in 1874; and the third in 1881. These are in length 316, 401, and 513 feet respectively. For six years the Japanese worked as pupils to their French teachers. Then the natives educated in England and the United States began the building of their own vessels. Already the record is magnificent. We have counted up fifteen ships designed and built by the Japanese at Yokoska, and all but the first two or three without foreign assistance. While most of these have been of wood or iron, the last one launched was the splendid steel battle-ship *Ikitsusu*, which figured so handsomely in the fight on the Yalu. In the list are the names of the *Hashidaté* and the *Yuyéyama*, which steams twenty-one knots an hour. Others have made excellent records as cruisers, besides taking part in the recent naval campaign.

The launching of a ship in Japan, as with us, is an occasion of joy and auspicious celebration, but in the ceremony we rather think the Japanese method an improvement upon our own. No alcohol is used. When the virgin prow kisses and parts the blue waters there is no bottle of wine broken over the stem as a libation to Neptune; the symbolism is more eloquent and touching in character. In front of the prow is hung a white pasteboard cage full of imprisoned birds; the idea is that when the hull leaves her stocks and becomes a floating ship she joins the brotherhood of the living. So, the moment the waters embrace her, the master of ceremonies pulls a string which releases the birds. In a moment the air is filled with the whir of wings and the song of the released prisoners, who receive into their brotherhood of life and motion the beautiful ship.

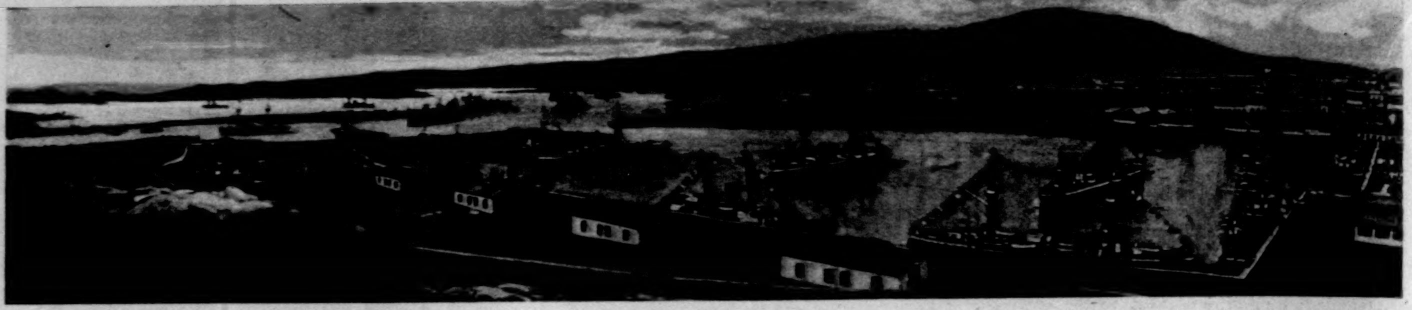
In the naming of the floating defences of the nation there is not only poetry stimulant to happy memories and associations, but also incentive to patriotism. All sectionalism is banished. The geographical names are selected from all parts of the empire. A merchant vessel, though not in Japanese eyes feminine, is surnamed *Maru*, which is probably nothing else than an old dialectic form of that *marō* so often found in the pet names of children. To those ships which are but floating fortresses the term *Kan*, which suggests mighty force, is added. Translating, then, the names of Japanese war-vessels, we read allusions to the classic poetry and mythology, as well as to the places celebrated in mediæval song.

Here is the far Oriental *roc*, able to sweep the whole sky with its wings and lift up bowlders in its claws. The dragon, symbol of all power, offensive and defensive in living creature, or in water terrestrial or celestial or subterranean, or the moisture of cloud, sky, and air, appears as green, blue, white, coiling, writhing, ascending, or striking. The names of thunder in crash, peal, and rattle, or rather of the god that is supposed to have charge of the celestial noises and fires, are reproduced in golden letters. Of course Takao, the beautiful mediæval lady, has her namesake on the water; so has the "Mountain of the Eightfold Clouds of Heaven" (Yuyéyama); so does the "Bridge of Heaven" (Hashidaté); and the Heavenly Rock-boat, whose original is seen in a constellation in the skies. Here also are names of famous provinces, mountains, rivers. We note the Sea-gate, the Stronghold of Heaven, the Quick Shark; the Pure Brilliant, Pine Island; Cherry-blossom Mountain; Mountain of the Descent from Heaven; Mountain which guards Kiōto and the Imperial Palace, etc. Indeed, one reads in the list of names borne on the imperial prows a panorama of inspiring tradition, poetry, and song.

More important, however, than ships are the men to sail and fight them. As early as 1873 a naval college was built in Tokyo on English models. A commission of thirty British officers and men gave instruction in various naval arts and sciences, and during six years performed good work. The names of Commander Douglas, R. N., Lieutenant Hawes, of the Royal Marine, and Captain John Ingles, R.N., will ever deserve a foremost place in the history of Japanese naval preparation. To Captain Brinckley, now the accomplished scholar in Japanese, and editor of the *Japan Mail*, belongs the credit of the first thorough instruction given in the theory of gunnery, which within recent weeks has flowered into such superb practice in Korean waters. Most of the Japanese officers now in command of ships have been trained in the Naval School in Tokyo, but several of those active within the past fifteen years have been graduates of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Rear-Admiral Matsumura, who graduated in 1873, has been recently invalided. Katsu, the son of the founder, died. Kunitomo wears the braid of a commander. Inouye commands the *Atago Kan*. Serata is captain of the *Ten-rio*. Uri, now a captain, is naval attaché at the Paris legation. Niré is a lieutenant on the *Fuso Kan*. There is yet one Japanese cadet at Annapolis.

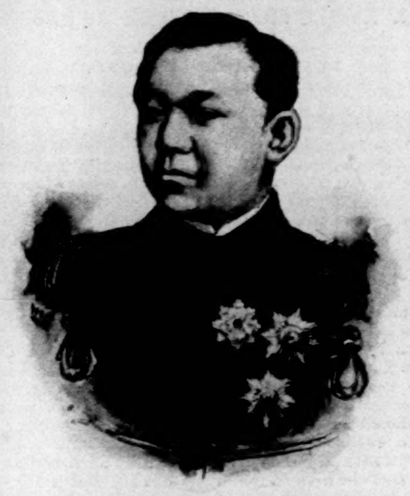
The highest active officer in the Japanese navy is the First Vice-Admiral, Kabayama, a native of Satsuma, and now fifty-six years old. The other vice-admirals are S. Ito, Ariji, and Inouye.

Officers for the staff and line having been abundantly provided out of the excellent material of the Samurai classes, it was comparatively easy to get crews for the work of engineering, sailing, and fighting. With so large a coast-line, Japan has a noteworthy portion of her population engaged in fishery and marine trades. As soon as it became evident that Western ideas were to rule in their country, the number of junks began to decrease, while at the ship-yards keels



GENERAL VIEW OF PORT ARTHUR—OBJECT OF THE JAPANESE ATTACK UNDER FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA.—Drawn by Al. Hencke from a Photograph.

PRINCE ARUSIGAWA,
Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army.



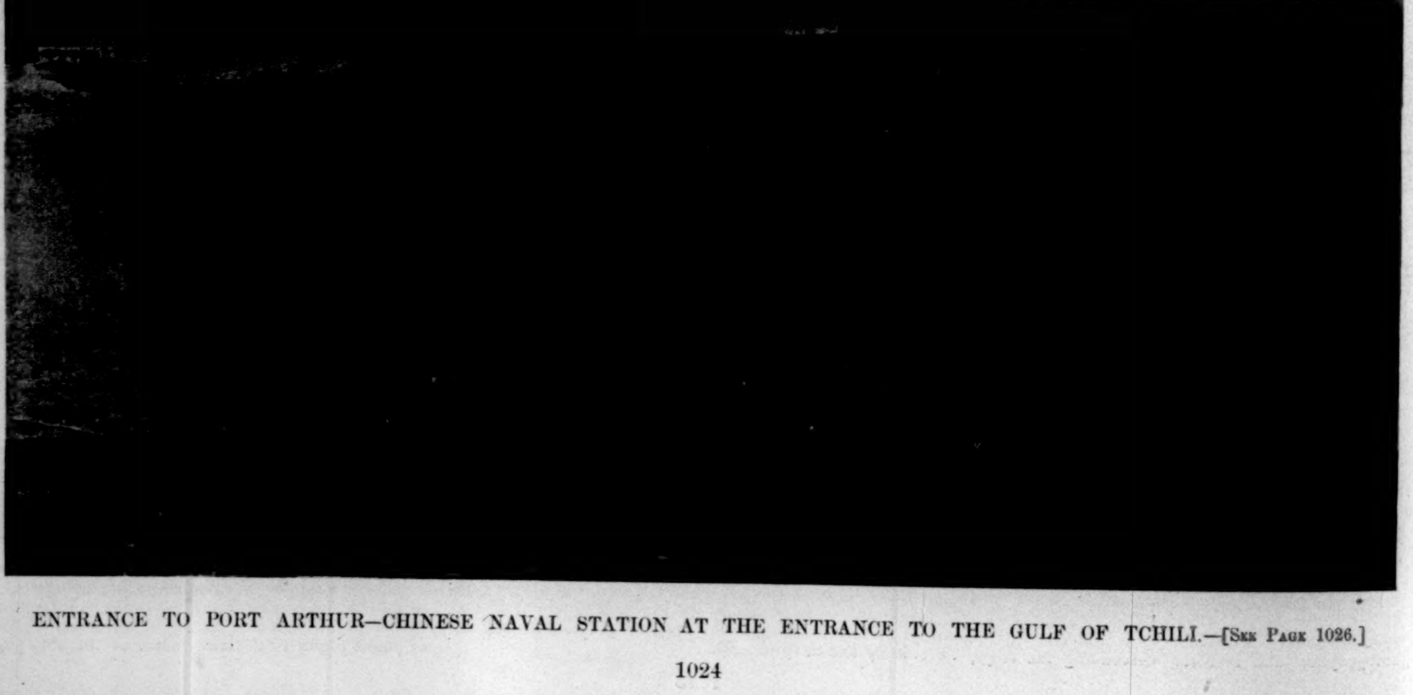
FIELD-MARSHAL OYAMA,
In Command of Japanese Forces attacking Port Arthur.
[See Page 1028.]

COUNT YAMAGATA,
In Command of Japanese Forces in Korea.

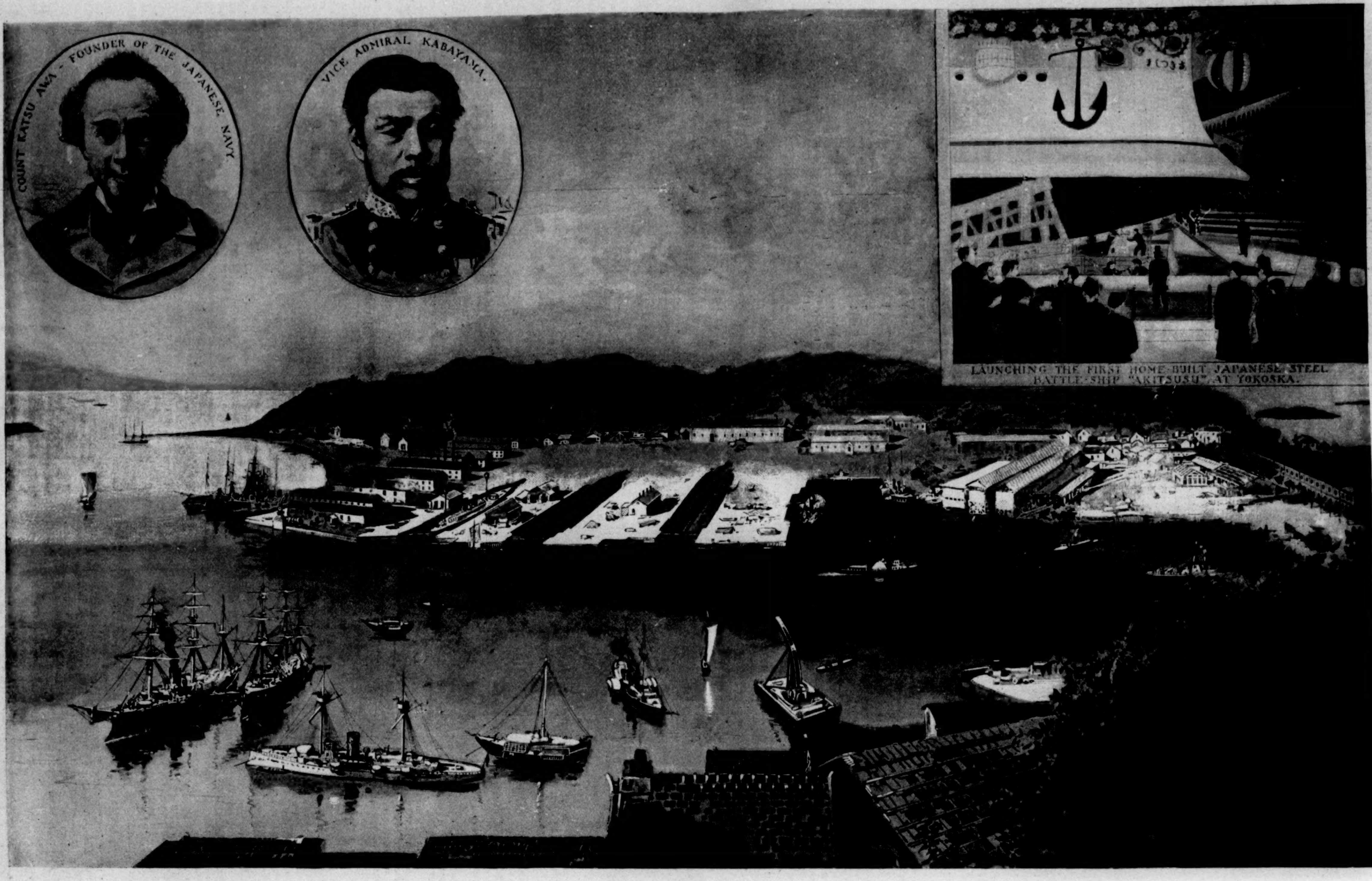
were laid for vessels in foreign style. In 1873 the number of junks was 22,792. Then Japan's commerce consisted almost entirely of carrying rice and a few other products from one province to another. When, however, the Pacific Mail Steamship Company gave over to the natives their own coasting trade, a new era for Japanese commerce began. While in 1870 there were but 63 vessels of foreign build owned by natives, Japan possessed, in 1892, 643 steam-vessels built on foreign models, of 102,322 tons burden and 22,399 horse-power. In the same year 778 sailing-ships, of 45,594 tonnage, floated the national flag. The majority of these, both steam and sailing vessels, had been built in Japan. Meanwhile the number of junks had decreased to 9628. This will give one an idea of the fitness of the Japanese to undertake a naval war, for already by June, 1894, many thousands of her people were skilled in the use of both steam and sail. Schools of navigation, engineering, and technology are numerous, giving to the ambitious youth that scientific training which, added to long practice, means in the long-run not mere imitation, but progress and original invention. At first, and until 1884, the navy was supplied wholly with volunteers, but practical considerations prompted the conscription. Even yet, however, the proportion is nearly three volunteers, who serve seven years, to one conscript, who serves three years.

The Japanese navy is immensely popular with the people. The burden of discussion, both in the press and in the Imperial Diet, for several years past has been the enlargement of the navy. The naval budget for 1893–4 reached the sum of 5,639,989 yen, but voluntary contributions for coast defence and a naval loan have amounted to a total of probably three times this sum. The *personnel* consists of 12,500 men, including reserves. Of these, 269 are admirals and superior officers, 1122 are officers, 2072 are subordinates, and 8486 are sailors and marines. Including 1038 functionaries in the Navy Department, we have a total of 13,987. The fleet consists of thirty-five ships of all classes, of which ten were built in Europe. The five naval stations are Yokoska, Kuré, Sasébo (about forty miles from Nagasaki, where most of the Chinese prisoners are now kept), Mororan, on the island of Yezo, and Miazuru, on the west coast. At Kuré there is a large dock already completed. Gradually but surely the ideal of a naval force of fifty thoroughly modern ships, having a total tonnage of 150,000, with every resource which science, art, theoretical and practical education, can suggest, is being approximated.

On the Japanese ships one is impressed with the cleanliness, economy, and superb discipline. The men are well



ENTRANCE TO PORT ARTHUR—CHINESE NAVAL STATION AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE GULF OF TCHILI.—[See Page 1026.]


COUNT KATSU AWA - FOUNDER OF THE JAPANESE NAVY.
VICE ADMIRAL KABAYAMA.
LAUNCHING THE FIRST HOME-BUILT JAPANESE STEEL BATTLE-SHIP "AKITSUSU" AT YOKOSKA.

THE JAPANESE NAVAL STATION AND SHIP-YARDS AT YOKOSKA.—Drawn by W. Louis Sonntag, Jun.—[See Page 1023.]

clothed and fed. They seem to enjoy their life hugely. One could hardly believe that only a few years ago the majority of these sailors were junk-men, who knew no better manners and were familiar with no experience beyond that attainable on the deck of a clumsy coaster. Life is worth living in Japan now for the lowest and humblest. With justice cheap and the courts open to all, with free public schools sustained by equable taxation, with the old feudal restrictions and monopolies abolished, with both land and water open to every man's enterprise, with the whole country to fight for and a beloved Emperor to serve, the lamp of patriotism burns brightly. Furthermore, in place of the old cruelties and barbarisms, when human life was too cheap to be worth anything in particular, are now to be found clean, comfortable hospitals, with skilled practitioners and all that science and kindness can do to make the sick or wounded man's life as pleasant as possible, while to the faithful veteran honorably discharged there is the pension, which is to make his old age, whether premature or natural, agreeable and comfortable. In a word, we doubt whether in any modern navy in Europe better care is taken of the men.

Nor is it any wonder that Japan has been able to meet her foe upon the sea without fear and without reproach. Practically Japan has possessed a modern navy for twenty-five years, and it is no fresh toy or strange tool which she is using. Furthermore, while wonderfully appreciative of force in all its forms, there is something in the Japanese genius which despises mere bulk, weight, or numbers. All the old traditions of the repulse of the mighty Mongol Armada, in the summer of 1281 A.D., point to victory won by alert seamen in quickly and skilfully manœuvred vessels. Hence, while not despising heavy guns and plenty of steel armor, the Japanese makes his especial favorites the ships that have speed, and the guns that shoot quickly and surely. Would he possess a sword? He makes the blade of finest temper, with keenest edge, and set in surest mountings. He cares little for mere metal or clumsy proportions. Does he possess a repeating rifle, he quickly learns not to squander cartridges, and realizes that smoke and noise are worthless in war; that it is the leaden lightning and not the sulphurous thunder that kills. Does he have a steel-armored battle-ship, he believes none the less in seamanship, rapidity, science, concentration of force, and the old-time virtues of coolness and valor. There is no mystery about the Japanese naval success.

PORT ARTHUR.

Peking is a hundred miles from the sea; Tien-Tsin, on the Pei-ho River, is its port; Taku, at the mouth of that river, with its forts the strongest in China, its chief defence: and Port Arthur its outpost.

If at any time some force, now unseen, should put life into the China navy, Port Arthur is its natural base of operations, and becomes a place whose strategical importance cannot be overestimated. It threatens that control of the sea which is so necessary to every movement Japan makes, both by land and water, in the direction of Peking, and its reduction, therefore, is an absolute necessity.

Port Arthur, once a mere fishing-village, has grown into a town of some six or eight thousand inhabitants, and is, in view of present emergencies, the most important of China's naval stations, as it is also most recent and modern in construction. It is situated at the southeastern point of that narrow promontory known as the Regent's Sword, which juts out into the Bay of Korea from the end of the peninsula of Leao-tong, which forms the Gulf of Pe-Chee-Lee. It is the base of supplies for the Northern Squadron of the Chinese navy, is a port of refuge in case of reverses on the sea, and in its dock-yard the crippled fleet, after its defeat at the mouth of the Yalu River, has gone for repairs.

The dock-yard is at the head of a deep bay, and is approached by a narrow channel which affords no safe anchorage. To obviate this deficiency a large basin has been constructed capable of berthing eighteen vessels, and admitting ships drawing twenty-eight feet. About it are machine shops and foundries of considerable capacity, and capable of undertaking any repairs a man-of-war may be in need of. There is one dry-dock 410 feet long, 72 feet wide, and having 26½ feet on the sill at high water. This dock will hold any vessel the Chinese possess, the largest of which is the *Chen-Yuen* and her sister ship, 298½ feet long. There are no coal-mines in the vicinity. All coal is brought from the Kaiping mines near Tien-Tsin, which city is frozen in from December to April. Then navigation ceases on the Pei-ho.

The harbor of Port Arthur is defended by twelve batteries of recent construction, mounting about fifty modern Krupp rifles. The channel is provided with submarine torpedoes, and there is a well-equipped torpedo-boat station. The garrison is said to be 7000 men, a likely underestimate.

The rear is almost undefended, though the surrounding hills, some 500 feet in height, are capable of being fortified.

This weak spot is the object of the Japanese attack, and on that side an army of 15,000 men, under General Oyama, which left Japan about September 28th, is encamped.

The Chinese fight better behind breast-works. But with their squadron bottled up in port and blockaded by a superior fleet, and an army of 15,000 men in the rear, it would seem, unless winter saves them, as if Port Arthur and the Chinese vessels were doomed, and with them ultimately Peking.

Eustace B. Rogers, U.S.N.

THE POPULISTS' PICNIC.

The Populists of South Dakota are making a desperate struggle for victory in the coming campaign. Their State Convention was held early in the summer, at Mitchell, and many of the delegates drove overland, taking their families with them and camping out.

Their plan of campaign is rather a novelty. Their central committee appoints a place of meeting in some grove, and the wives and daughters of candidates are asked to furnish a picnic luncheon. As natural timber is not plentiful in most parts of the State, it is a rare treat to have a good old-fashioned picnic "in the woods," so a large number of people usually attend.

In the northern part of the State the Pops are holding what they call political revivals, the scheme being to hold a meeting every evening for a period of two or three weeks, and have addresses by some candidate upon one of their stock subjects—the money question and government ownership of the railways and telegraphs, or the robberies of the old parties. These meetings are conducted in about the same manner as a religious revival, music being a drawing card.

Lewis P. Shew.

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

How did it happen that Mr. George W. Childs, who had such a gift for doing things that other folks had neglected, should have lived and died in Philadelphia and left that town without any suitable monument to Robert Morris? If Mr. Childs had lived till now perhaps it would have mortified him, as it may well mortify the Philadelphians who believe themselves to be still alive, to think that the first memorial dedicated to the memory of the great Revolutionary financier should be a building in a village of western New York. Philadelphia seems to have forgotten everything about Morris except the collapse of his credit and fortunes after both had ceased to be indispensable to the struggling colonies. The Holland Land Company did not forget him while he lived. It supported him in Philadelphia after his release from the debtors' prison, and made his wife an allowance as long as she lived. It is the more fit on that account that the company's old office at Batavia should stand now in his memory. It is not an imposing memorial, but it is interesting and suitable, and it stands in a region where Robert Morris's memory is so woven into local history that it is sure to endure. The proposition to take Morris's remains from their obscure grave in Philadelphia and place them beside his monument at Batavia has been seriously made, and was reported to be favored by those of his descendants who lately gathered at Batavia. It is not a bad plan. His bones will not be missed in Philadelphia, and in Batavia they will be honored.

Mr. Howells, who was an ardent advocate of woman suffrage last spring, approves of the efforts of the women who propose to try to make the city elections in New York go right this fall. Mr. Howells thinks that "the great body of women are better than the great mass of men," and that it is good for women to be interested in politics, and good for politics to have them interested. The average woman, he thinks, is better than the average man, but she might be that and be no gain to politics, for the average man is no great shakes, and simply runs with the machine.

It does not necessarily follow that because a man is an official architect he is not fit to design public buildings. Long experience with the work of Uncle Sam's hired architects in Washington has produced an impression of that nature, which is probably sound in the long-run, but there are facts now and then which conflict with it. One such fact is the present city architect of Boston, Mr. Edmund March Wheelwright, who builds such school-houses, hospitals, engine-houses, and municipal structures generally for the Boston people as make the illustrated annual report of his office a picture-book that is prolific of pleasurable sensations. A compliment that means a good deal came to Mr. Wheelwright the other day in the form of an invitation from the State authorities of Minnesota to go out to St. Paul and be sole judge of the competitive designs submitted for a new Capitol building for that State. He undertook the task.

Light-minded persons will laugh at the Chicago *Record* when in speaking of the illustrations to *Trilby* it observes that "the pictures of Trilby's feet do not appeal to one as being so very beautiful." Thanks to the pressure of new topics upon the attention of the funny men, it has almost passed out of recollection that there was once a tradition that the Chicago standard for women's feet called for different dimensions from the standards of other towns. The *Record* "does not find pleasure in learning that 'Miss Lavinia Hunks, of Chicago,' was 'deformed and squint-eyed,'" but it bears no malice, and speaks extremely well of *Trilby* as a book.

Mr. Du Maurier did injustice to Lavinia Hunks. The defects of American heiresses who marry needy Europeans of high rank are believed in this country to be much more often intellectual than physical. Did any one except Mr. Du Maurier ever hear of an American girl who made such an alliance who was not passably good-looking?

Ambassador Bayard says that our British cousins never thought so well of us as they do now. It is possible to believe it when the London *Spectator*, in discoursing upon American optimism, proclaims that, "take them as a whole, the Americans are the kindliest race on the face of the earth." The *Spectator* changed hands and editors not long ago. It must have experienced a change of heart at the same time.

In due time there is likely to be a biography of Dr. Holmes, which should make good reading. Material for it must be remarkably abundant. He had a mind at one time to write it himself, and did write at it more or less, and after his failing strength led him to abandon that purpose, he still dictated notes for his biographer's use.

> **"Harper's Weekly thinks that as between the vulgarisms 'wheel' and 'bike' the latter is the better word. 'Bike' is simply vile, and is only used by uninformed people. 'Bike' goes with 'gent,' and both are horrid."—*Many Contemporaries.***

It is due to **Harper's Weekly** to say that its preference for "bike" was based on the conviction that "bike" is too vulgar a vulgarism to gain itself a respectable standing, whereas "wheel," though a vulgarism when used to mean a bicycle, has an ingratiating air of decency about it which makes it dangerous.

By the time a priest has staid fifty years in one parish his people have usually formed definite opinions about him. Father Sylvester Malone has lived that long in the parish of St. Peter and St. Paul's Church in Brooklyn, and not only his own people but most of his neighbors in Brooklyn are sure that they like him and that he is worthy of their affection. His jubilee anniversary last week, after being abundantly celebrated in his church by his congregation and a concourse of his brother clergy, was further commemorated by a public meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where Mayor Schieren presided, and speeches were made by the Mayor, General James McLeer, Murat Halstead, Editor McKelway and Dr. McGlynn. Father Malone is popular among Catholics as a good priest, and among both Catholics and Protestants as a man of sturdy Americanism. It was he who during the war ran up the American flag to the top of his church's steeple, and kept it there until the war was over. He succeeded Bishop McNierny as a member of the Board of Regents of the State of New York.

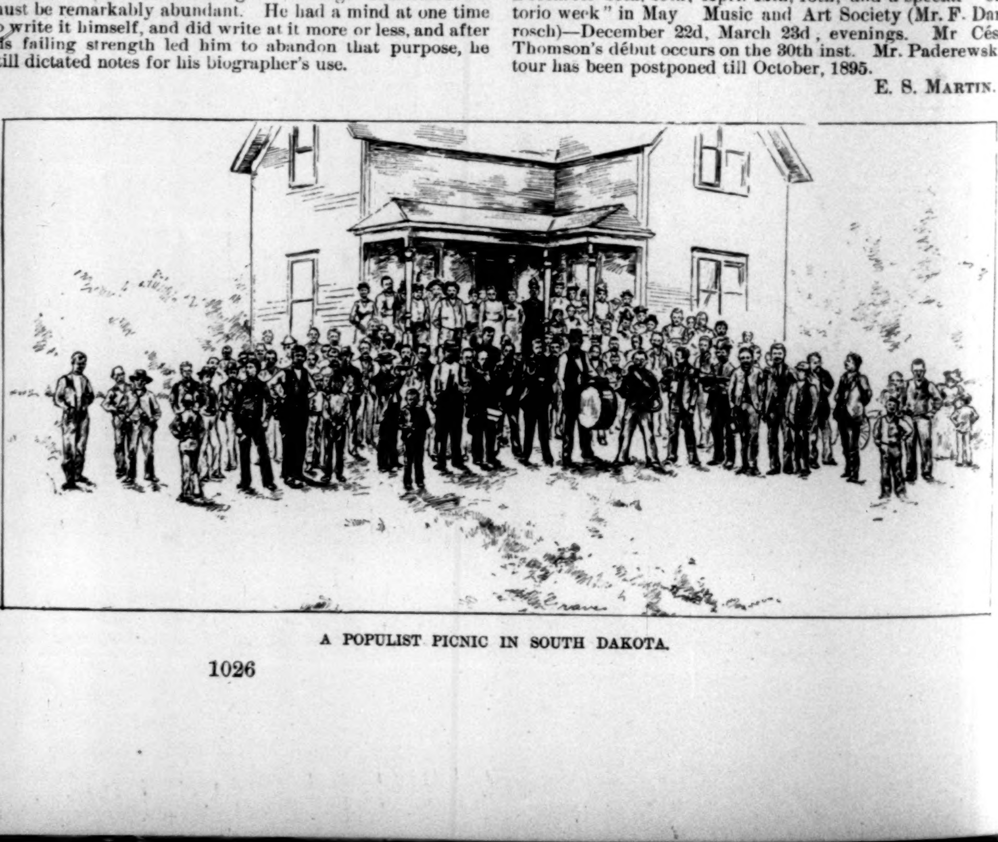
A falling off in the number of students at Cornell as compared with the number last year has been generally laid to the damage done to the university's reputation by the disastrous hazing scrape of last fall. Referring to a paragraph to that effect in this corner of the **Weekly**, the authorities explain that though the total registration at Cornell is 1572 as against 1670 last year, the difference is more than accounted for by the addition of a year's work to the entrance requirements in the courses in architecture and engineering, by the exaction of fees from graduate students who formerly received free tuition, and by another innovation—the rejection of candidates who were markedly deficient in English. It was estimated that these changes would cost the university as many as 200 students, whereas the actual loss as compared with last year is 98, and excepting last year the university has never had so large an enrolment as now.

Arrangements have been made with the Charity Organization Society of New York to give students of sociology in Columbia College an opportunity for "field-work" in the tenement districts of New York and Brooklyn. Students who take the sociological elective may be appointed agents of such organizations as the University Settlement Society and the Brooklyn Bureau of Charities, and given a chance to make personal investigations into the condition of the poor. Through their agency the department of sociology at Columbia proposes to make a chart of the city of New York, in which every house in certain districts shall be accounted for, and accurate information recorded about the number and condition of the people who live in it. By statistics gathered from year to year the department proposes to find out, among other things, how long families survive in New York. There is an understanding at present that they become extinct after the third generation.

The first fruits of the musical months of 1894–5 may be counted as coming to hand in the three concerts in the New Metropolitan last week, orchestral in rather apologetic measure, even with all credit to the house band and to Mr. Seidl and Mr. Bevignani, but distinguished by the vocal shares of Madame Melba, Madame Scalchi, Mr. Plançon, and Mr. Maugière—all of the recent and of the coming opera season's force. The last three named artists sang as admirably as last year, but in Madame Melba's instance the splendor of her voice and her art in coloratur excerpts seemed to surpass the measure which last year revealed as so astonishing. The prodigality of a perfect voice, and of execution equally perfect, aroused enthusiasm no longer a novelty and heartily deserved.

In briefest, the following are chief dates for the leading serial concerts. The earlier date in each pair will be understood as that of the afternoon public "rehearsal" when such is given. The Philharmonic Society (Mr. Seidl)—November 16th, 17th; December 14th, 15th; January 11th, 12th, February 8th, 9th, March 8th, 9th, April 5th, 6th. Symphony Society (Mr. W. Damrosch)—November 9th, 10th; December 7th, 8th, January 4th, 5th, February 1st, 2d; February 22d, 23d; March 22d, 23d. Boston Symphony Orchestra (Mr. Paur), evenings only—November 1st, December 6th, January 10th, February 7th, March 14th. Oratorio Society (Mr. Damrosch)—January 31st, December 1st; December 28th, 29th, April 12th, 13th; and a special "oratorio week" in May. Music and Art Society (Mr. F. Damrosch)—December 22d, March 23d, evenings. Mr. César Thomson's début occurs on the 30th inst. Mr. Paderewski's tour has been postponed till October, 1895.

E. S. Martin.



A POPULIST PICNIC IN SOUTH DAKOTA.

CHINA'S CHANCES.

From the mass of conflicting reports concerning the war between China and Japan two facts stand out in strong relief, namely, the defeat of the Chinese army at Ping Yang on September 15th, and that of their fleet off the mouth of the Yalu River two days after. The Chinese losses in both engagements were so great that the most rabid Chinese partisan could do no more than underrate their importance.

It has not been difficult to foresee such an outcome. Many had predicted it at the outbreak of hostilities. But to my mind the Chinese were defeated before a shot was fired or a flag unfurled. It is as much a foregone conclusion as the humiliation of the French in 1870.

These, in brief, are my reasons for making the above assertion: The government of China is not administered by the natives, as it was before 1644. The Emperor is a Manchoo Tartar, and Manchoos occupy all the places nearest the throne, and hold most of the important positions in the army. If a Chinaman is ever given a high office, whether in the civil service or in the army or navy, he is watched by a Manchoo official, who has power to report his actions to the Emperor, or prevent the execution of his plans altogether. Thus in Peking the members of the Privy Council are one-half Chinese and the other half Manchoos. Each administrative board has one Chinese chancellor and one Manchoo chancellor, and two presidents, one of each nationality. In the provincial capitals a Tartar general with his Manchoo garrison will keep in check the Chinese governor who has command of the militia. This system of dual control and mutual espionage runs through the whole political fabric, and gives rise to a vacillating policy and an uncertain administration of affairs. The discretionary power which is necessary to an executive seems to be vested in nobody but the Emperor, while distrust, discord, and jealousy prevail in all the various departments of government.

In the field the commanding general is oftentimes a civilian, who may or may not have smelled gunpowder before. But if he happens to be a war veteran and a skilful commander, his movements are very likely directed by civilians many miles away from the scene of conflict. In the last case even the genius of a Napoleon would have suffered an eclipse.

We find the Japanese a united nation standing shoulder to shoulder, and working in harmony for the common good. The Chinese are divided by racial and sectional antipathies. The Japanese army and navy are inspired by love of country and love of glory. The Chinese can see no glory in whipping the Japanese, nor find that their patriotism could be shown in asserting the Manchoo Emperor's supremacy in Korea.

Moreover, this war is a government affair, as the Shan-Toong people said in excuse for not enlisting under the imperial banners. The Chinese have nothing to gain by it except increased taxation. Their substance will be wasted and their blood-vessels drained in defence of a claim which has been tacitly given up several times. They have been and are still suffering from famine, floods, and a terrible plague. Their cup of misery was almost full to overflowing. It only needed a foreign war to make it flow over. To expect the Chinese people to fight with enthusiasm against the Japanese is absurd. It is like asking the Bulgarians to fight against Russia for the supremacy of the Turks in Roumania.

For the purpose of keeping the Chinese in subjection, the Manchoo Emperors have for the space of 250 years assiduously repressed their military spirit. With the exception of Li Hung Chang's 50,000 well-armed and well-disciplined troops, the only regulars in the country are men of the ruling race, who were born and bred soldiers, who are forbidden to intermarry with the Chinese, who in time of peace live in idleness in the national and provincial capitals, but in case of a rebellion are depended upon to crush it before it spreads very far. As these regulars form the main props of the throne, they cannot be spared for foreign service. Hence we see Chinese mercenaries hired for about $3 per month each, and shipped to Korea to fight the Emperor's battles. A few regiments of Manchoo cavalry and regular infantry are sent along to see that the raw recruits don't run off. Any one could see what would be the result. An ill-paid, ill-fed, poorly equipped, and undisciplined horde, driven by a few thousand regular soldiers, became panic-stricken, and was scattered like chaff before the wind as soon as the enemy made a determined attack in force, while the regulars stood their ground, and were killed to a man. That is the story of Ping Yang in a nutshell. Add to this the fact that the Chinese general knows very little about modern warfare, has had little experience, and, like men of his class, is too conceited to learn anything from his English or American subordinates, and you could not expect any other result. Unless the whole system undergoes radical changes, the Japanese will have a walk-over from Ping Yang to Moukden, and from Moukden to Peking. They need fear no obstructions except from the elements.

It cannot be said that the Chinese government was wholly taken by surprise. It had foreseen the war and prepared for it. The opening of coal-mines, the establishment of naval schools, navy-yards, and arsenals, the purchase of cruisers and arms, and the construction of telegraph lines, had nothing but war in view. But in trying to grow strong in a hurry the Emperor and his advisers left the most essential things out. Men-of-war were bought at great expense, which their admirals don't know how to handle. Guns and other munitions of war were bought, out of which their agents made handsome commissions, but which proved to be antiquated and worthless when put in use. Although well aware that skill counts for more than brute strength in this age of rapid-firing guns, the government of China still requires the lifting of heavy weights and the shooting of arrows in the competitive military examinations.

It has been the policy of the Manchoo emperors, from their conquest of China in 1644 to the present, to enrich and beautify their mother-country, Manchooria, at the expense of China. Every year a treasure, amounting to $6,000,000 (it is said), has been carried to and deposited in Moukden, their former capital. This vast treasure, amounting to $1,500,000,000, is an emergency fund and a provision for the proverbial rainy day. But just now it is a most tempting bait to the insular enemy, who will no doubt redouble his exertions in order to capture it. Thus what was meant for the well-being and safety of their house may prove to be their ruin.

The Viceroy Li Hung Chang, than whom there is not a more loyal subject in the Land of Flowers, and Prince Ching, a member of the Emperor's family, are the only men of prominence who foresaw the disastrous consequences of rushing into a foreign war without adequate preparation, and strongly advised against it. But their wise and conservative counsels were unheeded. As we have seen, Li Hung Chang has been punished for not vigorously prosecuting a war which he went into against his will and better judgment, while Prince Ching has incurred the distrust of his imperial master.

It is not hard to foretell what the immediate result will be. As to the future, we may rest assured that great events are impending, which will change the political complexion of eastern Asia, bring about a freer intercourse between the Orient and the Occident, and a more rapid advancement of the Chinese people in modern civilization.

Yan Phou Lee.

A NEW CURE FOR ASTHMA.

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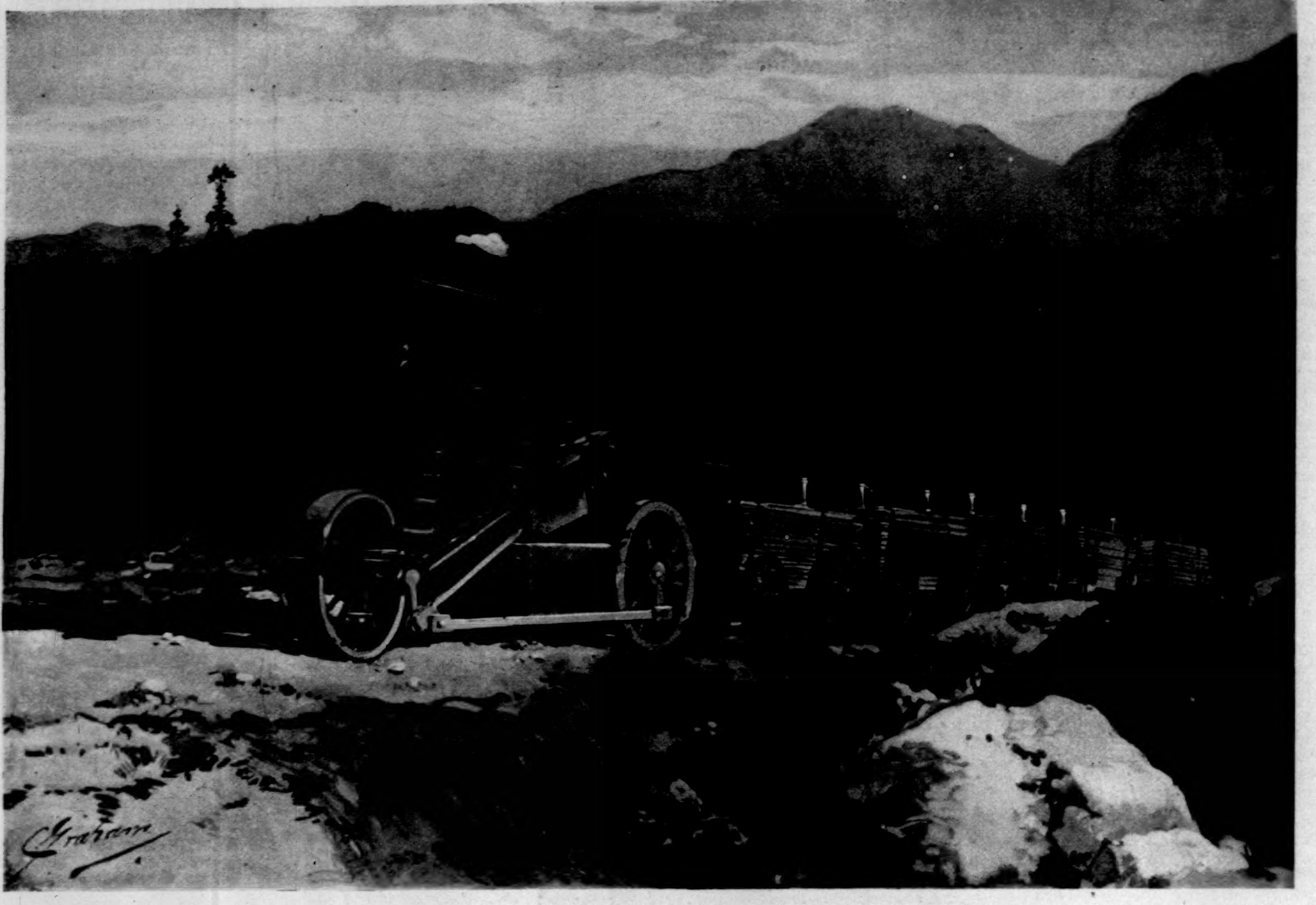

A STEAM-WAGON HAULING LUMBER IN THE SIERRAS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.

A STEAM ROAD-WAGON IN NEVADA.

Along Truckee River and its tributaries a huge steam road-wagon is used for conveying logs and lumber to the mills and to the Central Pacific Railroad at Verdi, Washoe County, Nevada, for shipment to market. The traction power of these steam road-wagons is very great, enabling them to climb very steep grades. In cases where the mountain-side is not thickly sprinkled with fallen trees and bowlders it is not necessary to follow any particular line of road, the ordinary undergrowth of chaparral, etc., cutting little figure in impeding the progress of the steam-wagon and its train of carts. These road-wagons are inexpensive to operate, and are said to be cheaper in the long-run than horses, mules, or oxen. It requires only a few men to operate a train, and, to an observing stranger, it is a very curious sight to witness a train coming down or ascending the side of a mountain, apparently with no effort to the steam-wagon. The capacity of the train depends entirely upon the conditions of the surrounding country.

"PUB. DOC'S" FOR SALE.

Recently two young men who were concerned in obtaining surreptitiously a Congressman's share of a certain government publication were arrested in Washington. One of them was a former clerk of the Congressman; the other was a "book-broker." The latter makes a business of buying and selling public documents, or "pub. doc's," as they are commonly known. There is a large trade in these publications in Washington, carried on by men who make a special business of it, and by the dealers in second-hand books. There is also a system of interchange among Congressmen, by which those who represent agricultural constituencies obtain the surplus agricultural reports of those who come from cities, and those who have urban constituencies obtain additional copies of publications which are of especial interest to their people. There is a provision of law which authorizes the sale of certain public documents at cost by the Superintendent of Documents in the Interior Department. So little known is this law that, although many government reports are in great public demand, the sale of public documents does not amount to much more than $3500 in a year. And at the same time hundreds of thousands of the books printed at the Government Printing-office are allowed to accumulate in the store-rooms of the Capitol and the departments, until they rot and mould and become mere waste. Not long ago an investigation of the store-rooms of the Capitol showed nearly a million books fast going to decay. Some of these books were obsolete and of little value, but many of them were copies of valuable reports now out of print, which could be sold for a good price if a catalogue of them were issued for general distribution. An effort has been made to pass a bill providing for the distribution of these books, but there have been so many little differences over the provisions of the proposed law that after passing both House and Senate (each in a different form) it has failed of final adoption because no understanding between the two Houses could be reached.

Under existing law the number of copies of a department report is not limited. The head of the department orders the number of copies which he thinks necessary, and they are printed. A certain proportion of these books goes to the Senate, another to the House. When additional copies of an important report are ordered by Congress it is specified that a certain number shall be sent to one House, and a certain number to the other. Congress has a way of dealing in round numbers. Hence it happens that the order for distribution usually specifies a certain number of hundred volumes to each House. As there are 356 members of the House, when the quota of the members is distributed an indivisible fraction is left. The stupid law makes no provision for the copies remaining, and they are left without an owner. It has happened in a single Congress that the number of documents thus left ownerless at the Capitol amounted to 40,000. Many of these books are costly. The report of the Secretary of Agriculture, for example, costs the government about fifty cents a copy, and there are 400,000 copies of this report issued every year.

Of course there is another and an easier way of obtaining most of the publications of the government than by sending to the Superintendent of Documents and paying for them. Usually it is only necessary to write to a member of Congress in good time, and if he has a copy of the publication to spare he will forward it without delay. The obliging disposition of public men has been turned to account by speculators in government reports, and three years ago the Joint Committee on Printing, in an investigation of the subject, unearthed the case of one man who had obtained forty copies of one report by writing to forty members of Congress for it. If these reports were ordinary documents this speculation would not net very many times the cost of postage in writing to the Congressmen; but occasionally Congress, or one of the departments, issues a report which is of great commercial value. For example, the report issued under the auspices of Secretary Rusk, of the Agricultural Department, a few years ago, on the "Diseases of the Horse," is now valued at $2 or $3 a volume. The original edition of the work was 40,000 copies, but the demand for it has been so great that the quota of most of the members of the Congress in which it was issued has been exhausted. There is a proposition before Congress now to issue another edition of 127,000 copies of this work. If it should be adopted, the market would experience a "bear" movement, and some of the second-hand-book dealers would suffer. The books issued on the forged order for which the two young men were arrested were copies of the horse-disease book.

Of course the law which assigns a certain number of copies of each government publication to each member of Congress, and gives him the privilege of sending them through the mails free of charge, was passed in the belief that through the members of Congress public documents would receive more fair and general distribution than could be had in any other way. It was not supposed that any member of the House would sell these government publications. But that is just what some of the members of the House do. They do not always sell them for cash, but take them to the dealers in second-hand books and get credit for their value, accepting in exchange other books which they find on the shelves of these stores. As the public demand for the public document is limited—especially in Washington, where there is a general knowledge of the means of obtaining single copies of public documents for nothing—the dealers in second-hand books find their best customers for these public works, strangely enough, among members of Congress. It often happens that a member of the House who has sent to one or two of his constituents copies of some interesting publication receives letters from an army of other constituents requesting that he do as much for them. Rather than disappoint one of them, or appear to show more consideration for one than for another, the Congressman goes to one of his colleagues and arranges, if possible, an exchange of other books on his list for those which he lacks. If he cannot find another Congressman who will make an exchange of this character, he goes to the second-hand-book store and buys what he needs. He could go to the Superintendent of Documents and get the required copies perhaps, but usually he can get them from the book store for a far smaller price.

When a new member enters Congress he does not fall heir to the government publications of his predecessor which have not been distributed. These books remain subject to the call of the ex-Congressman. Each Congressman is entitled only to the books issued during the term of the Congress of which he is a member. Sometimes these books, though technically of the date of his service, are not issued until a long time after the expiration of his term of office. A list is furnished each Congressman, at his request, showing what public documents are placed to his credit. As fast as he calls for them they are charged against him.

One of the singular laws governing the distribution of public documents provides that each Congressman shall receive a copy of each document issued during his term. These are issued at the end of the term, and shipped to the Congressman in bulk. They amount sometimes to 200 volumes, of which perhaps not fifty are of any value to the Congressman. It is proposed, among other reforms in the distribution of public documents, to send these reports to the Congressmen only on request. It is estimated that this will save to the government $80,000 every two years. The public printing now costs the government $3,500,000 a year, of which doubtless $500,000 is wasted in useless copies of "pub. doc's." It is estimated that this amount can be saved to the government if the House and Senate can ever agree on the details of a new law.

George Grantham Bain.

GENERAL IWAWO OYAMA.

Count Iwawo Oyama, the Japanese Minister of War, now in personal command of the imperial forces landed on Chinese soil, near Port Arthur, was born in Satsuma, and is a cousin of Count and General T. Saigo, Minister of Marine. He spent several years in Europe in study, his longest residence being in Switzerland. His acquaintance with European literature is quite extensive. In May, 1876, when the first rebellion against the new order of things in Japan broke out, General Oyama was put in command of the army, and quickly captured Koomamotoo. In the second and greater uprising, led by T. Saigo, in 1877, against the national authorities, General Oyama, in co-operation with Generals Nodzu and Yamada, was in active service in the field during seven months against the rebels, who, under the consummate leadership of T. Saigo, exhausted every resource of military art in resistance. In this campaign General Oyama demonstrated that the new national levies of young men from all classes, but mostly commoners, could stand even against Satsuma samurai, or gentry. Oyama led in the final battle, in which the rebel band, scorning surrender, was annihilated. On his return to Tokio, the Emperor gave the victorious general audience, and personally tendered his thanks. In 1880, after having held various high military offices, Oyama was made Minister of War. Under his direction the elaborate system of coast defence has been carried out. In 1884 he made a tour in Europe, giving thorough attention to military affairs, and on his return inaugurated many reforms and improvements in the Japanese army. He married Miss Sutematsu Yamakawa, the well-known graduate of Vassar College. He is in the prime of life, and one of the best equipped in body and mind of the Japanese military leaders. He is noted especially for infusing his own confidence in his men, even to the humblest soldier.

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HELL BUNKER, SHINNECOCK.

AMATEVR - SPORT

THE PROMISES OF TEMPERANCE IN FOOTBALL are not being fulfilled by the present season. Either *alumni* are not sincere in their protestations, or they have overestimated their influence with the student body. In any event, the undergraduate has just about reached the end of his tether in athletic management. Not that he is incapable, so far as actual handling of events go, but he is too partisan, and the gate receipts appear to be too alluring for him to resist the temptation of going where the most is to be made, regardless of other more weighty considerations.

If ever there was a time when the amateur sport of our universities needed the strong backing up of the *alumni*, the day and hour is at hand. If college sport, and football in particular, is to maintain a healthful, thoroughly wholesome existence, the cupidity of managers, the excessive training of players, the indifference of faculties and graduates, must be corrected. It is well enough for prominent *alumni* to write articles on the benefits of the game, or be represented in reportorial interviews as condemning certain doings of the undergraduates, but what the situation needs are more active work at the source of all trouble, and less writing and talking about what ought to be done.

LAST WINTER THE MOST PROMINENT, and ostensibly the most influential, *alumni*, of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and University of Pennsylvania had an opportunity of uniting in a determined effort this year to eliminate from football the money-making and brutal features which have been popularly (and rightly, to a certain degree) attached to the game. It was a splendid opportunity for the colleges to appoint the University Athletic Club a permanent referee and mentor in all such matters, but it was not taken advantage of—mores the pity! It was a timely moment for the older heads to look into the future a bit, and see to what the present course was bringing college sport. But no one did—at least no one spoke, whatever he may have seen.

The committee appointed to revise the rules did its work well, so far as it went, but it fell short of expectations in probably one of the most important particulars—viz., in ruling upon slugging. It increased the penalties for downing the back on a fair catch, on off-side play—both much-needed improvements—eliminated the flying-momentum plays, ruled against piling up on a down, and altered the rules to make kicking a feature, and more open play an eventual result.

ALL OF WHICH WAS GOOD; but for slugging, one of the most unpleasant and absolutely useless features of football, it did in reality nothing. Linesmen were appointed, but they are actually of no use whatever, since they have no voice except on an appeal, and, as the present season has shown, the players slug under their very noses with impunity. If slugging brought any possible advantage in football to the offender, one might find some excuse; but there is not the shadow of an excuse.

It is not only perfectly useless and detrimental to the player's game, but it more often than not weakens it; besides which it represents the vicious disposition of the player, and should be crushed out, along with all baneful tendencies. Under present conditions the linesman is a farce. That committee on rules should meet again, and change this dummy to an *active* worker in the cause of removing slugging from football.

HALF-MEASURES WILL NOT ANSWER. There should be a linesman on the side lines fully authorized to disqualify instantly any man he saw slugging, and only men should be appointed who have character enough to act in accordance with what they see. If all our referees, umpires, and linesmen were W. A. Brooks or Alexander Moffats there would be an end to slugging very shortly. But they are not, and rules must be made that give these officials no choice of action in case of offence. At all events, slugging must be stopped. Let us follow the example of the English Rugby Union, which for slugging not only rules a man out of the game *without* warning, but off the field for the season if the offence is especially despicable or repeated. When I was in England last season I never saw even an attempt at slugging, and I witnessed many very hot matches. It would not be tolerated over there, and it is a lasting disgrace to our college players, and one that reflects directly and strongly on both faculties and *alumni*, that it is tolerated here.

ANOTHER INSTANCE OF FAILURE on the part of the college men last winter to appreciate the needs of the hour was that of totally ignoring the question of gate receipts. Are we to understand that the Harvard, Yale, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania faculties, and Messrs. George Adee, Walter Camp, Eugene Richards, Judge Howland, H. S. Brooks, W. R. Hooper, W. A. Brooks, Jun., Henry Van Duzer, J. H. Sears, George Walton Green, C. C. Cuyler, J. W. Alexander, Tracy Harris, John C. Bell, Dr. White, Dr. Wood, Henry L. Geyelin, as some of the most influential *alumni*, that they are in favor of the importance at present attached to the gate receipts? that they nod approval when this year's football manager starts out to make a bigger sum than his predecessor? that they raise no authoritative and official voice when managers allow gate receipts to outweigh the sport's best interest in the choice of date and place for contests, wink at slugging, and make no effort to silence the unseemly bickerings that are worked into sensational form in the daily press? If the college faculties and *alumni* do not favor this sickening tendency towards professionalism, why do they permit it? It is absurd to offer "no jurisdiction" as an excuse for their indifference. There is not a single situation—excessive training, excessive expenditure, excessive gate charges—that the faculty and *alumni* could not change if they choose, and the faculty furthermore fails in its duty to the student body by not insisting on moderation.

A GROUP OF SHINNECOCK "CADDIES."

HARVARD AND UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA faculties have taken cognizance of the eligibility question, and insisted that a student who falls behind in his studies cannot represent his *alma mater* athletically, and the result is highly creditable to them. But at no college has the question of training and gate receipts received attention. Yale's faculty was reported to have ordered that an athlete must confine himself to one branch of sport, but nothing definite has thus far been done, and the chances are that the order will not be spread on record until after the baseball season. Nevertheless, the Yale faculty idea is the correct one, and it must be universally accepted erelong. Considering the amount of time given to practice and the severity of training, one sport is enough for an undergraduate to follow and give his studies the attention they require.

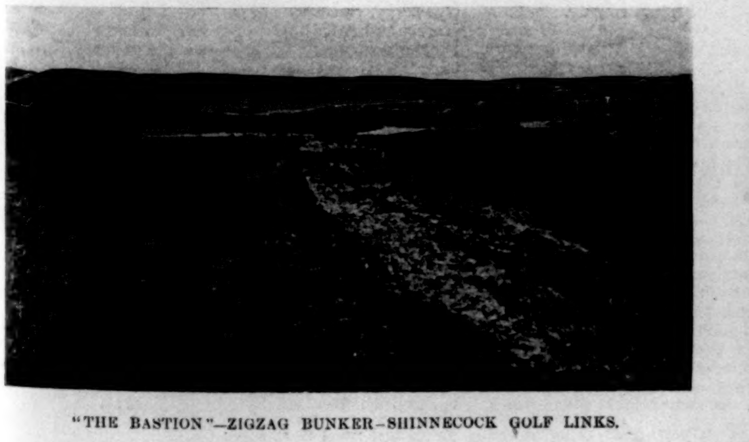
SINCE THE UNDERGRADUATES AND ALUMNI ignore the more serious side of these unwholesome tendencies, the time has come for the faculties to take such action as the case demands; and it demands no gentle measures. Drastic treatment is the only sort that will stop the headlong chase after the almighty dollar.

Let the faculties dig into this business end of college sport, and rip out the speculative tendency by the roots. The gate has grown to be too important a factor in football; we make too much money and spend too much; outrageously high prices are charged for tickets, and managers of grounds and managers of college elevens squabble over receipts like the attachés of a hippodrome. Another season like last year, and as this one has started out to be, and we shall see the splendid game of football dragged into all manner of scandals. Parents, faculty members, and sportsmen generally are growing to a settled conviction that either this business air must be taken out of the game or the game struck out of amateur sport. Undergraduates and *alumni* have been warned time and again by this department of the approaching crisis unless dollars and cents figured less conspicuously. Are college football elevens maintained to make money? Certainly not; and yet obviously they are.

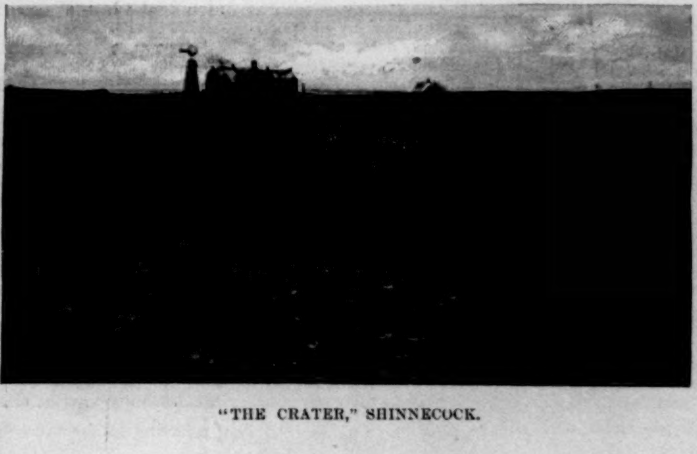
THERE ARE FOUR IMPORTANT QUESTIONS of vital consequence which must be settled more in harmony with college amateur sport than at present obtains: Preparation for contests; college athletes as summer boarders of athletic and baseball clubs; gate charges; site of games.

These are subjects upon each one of which a chapter might be written; there is no need to write at length to convince college men that I am striking at the very root of the evil. Every thinking man knows it as well as I; so does every member of the faculty, and every *alumnus* I have here named. We are making too much of a business of our college sport—it has grown to be a feature rather than an incident. The growth is unhealthful, artificial, and the sport will collapse, as have all other results of such developments time out of mind, unless moderated.

PREPARATIONS FOR FOOTBALL CONTESTS are too long; keen rivalry has led to an ante-season before college has opened; that beginning with the coaching of one or two players has now grown to such proportions that this year the University of Pennsylvania had about twenty men on an island off the Southern Atlantic coast six weeks before college opened; Princeton had upwards of thirty men at Quogue, Long Island, about four weeks; Harvard had something like thirty men on the New Hampshire coast two weeks, and Yale had twelve men two weeks at Travers Island. There is no doubt the candidates of each college acquired a certain amount of preliminary drilling that gave the captain just that much more time for the game proper when the regular season had begun. But to what purpose? The science of the game is not increased one iota; the skill of the men in their final play does not show proportionate improvement; the coaches work no better together. In fact, the resultant benefit in no way equals the outlay—except this year, in the case of Pennsylvania, where they had a great deal of green material; the most notable success is in spending money, and to an extent that would astonish the uninformed. It would be manifestly unfair for the candidates of one college to be forbidden preliminary practice unless all were equally proscribed. And here again we have an opportunity for the *alumni* to come forward and act in concert for the welfare of amateur sport.



"THE BASTION"—ZIGZAG BUNKER—SHINNECOCK GOLF LINKS.



"THE CRATER," SHINNECOCK.

A general rule applying to all, or an agreement by all the captains that none would practise before the college opened, would settle the matter without further difficulty.

THE SUMMER ATHLETIC BOARDER, he who lives at an athletic club from close of college to its reopening, and is given his keep because he represents that club in games, and he who plays on a watering-resort baseball nine under like arrangement, should be debarred from representing his college thereafter.

But the most serious is the question of charges to games. There was a time when 50 cents was the limit of admission, and $1 secured the best seat on the grand stand. That day has passed away, and now $1 admission and $2 to $2 50 for reserved seats are not unusual. Such charges bring in very large gates, swell the college treasuries, and spread a most baneful spirit throughout the entire athletic fabric. Having been the means of making the money, football men consider, and probably rightly so, that they are entitled to spend it; hence preliminary practice on islands, unlimited "incidentals," private cars, extravagant entertainment of coaches, etc. Oftentimes the gate is fixed by the proprietors of the field, as, for instance, last May at the Inter-collegiate Athletic Championships, and last Saturday at the Princeton-Cornell game in New York—the outrageous charge of $2 being made in each instance. Generally, however, the matter is left to undergraduate managers, that seem bent only on making as much money as possible.

Here again is a most important opportunity for the faculty and *alumni* to give us proof of their good intentions. The remedy is so very simple, so easy of administration, viz., hold all college games—football and baseball—on college grounds and none other; let the admission be 50 cents, and the choicest reserved seat $1 50. Then shall we see an end of this squabbling over receipts and locations, and the dissolution of the business air that makes all sportsmen shudder for very dread of the future.

APROPOS OF THE MONEY MAKING and spending tendency in our college sport, a study of the Yale Financial Union report recently issued for 1893–4 furnishes much food for serious reflection. The total receipts for the year were $61,480, the notable items being: Football receipts, $35,516; expenditures, $15,636. Baseball receipts, $13,982. Navy receipts, $8001; expenditures, $9604. Track athletic receipts, $2980; expenditures, $8287.

When a game reaches a point where it costs for two months at the rate of $260 a day, as does football, it looks as if it were time to revise the expense list. And Yale's statement is a fair average for the other universities; in fact, its football cost less last year than Harvard's or Princeton's. College games did not use to cost so much; and yet there was as much—more, in fact—sport as obtains in this day of superlative training and extravagant ideas.

ONE OTHER MATTER IN THE LINE of the exaggerated importance the average up-to-date undergraduate appears to attach to football: Cannot the graduate advisers use their influence to modify the press despatches sent from the colleges to the newspapers? Every university nowadays appears to have a press bureau, which sensationally chronicles the slightest happening on and about the football field. If a man wrenches his ankle one afternoon we have a half-column the following morning that nothing short of a fracture has occurred, a florid account of the injury, the consequential loss to the eleven, etc., etc.—a mere bruise is not down in the college reporter's vocabulary. We are constantly reading of some player that has been persuaded by the captain of the eleven to return to college, or of another who has stopped playing and left college, much to the regret of the captain; the universities seem to be continuously on the verge of despair or "wild with delight" over the departure or return of a football-player. In other words, football appears to be the *raison d'être* of the college correspondent's undergraduates. Those of us that are familiar with the workings of college press bureaus, and understand the coloring of the correspondent, know just how little credence to place in the sensational reports; but the average, particularly the provincial, reader takes for truth what he sees in the paper, and his conception of the game grows accordingly. I think I may say, without fear of contradiction, that the college newspaper correspondent has created more false impressions and raised more disturbances between rival college athletic associations than all other causes combined. He has really been a serious mischief-maker more than once, and ought to come in for a bit of disciplining. Let us have a great deal more truth and dignity in the handling of our college sports, and leave rumor and sensationalism to the professional field, where it may flourish in appreciative soil.

THAT THERE IS TO BE NO HARVARD-PRINCETON GAME this year is, it must be admitted, a keen disappointment to the undergraduates and *alumni* of both those universities and to sportsmen generally, that have missed the annual contest between the two since 1889, when Princeton won by a score of 40–15. At the same time I cannot endorse the criticisms that have been made on Captain Emmons and his graduate advisers for their failure to respond favorably to the sportsmanlike offers of Princeton. On the contrary, I believe the position Captain Emmons has taken to be the rightful one, and Harvard's course consistent with the best interpretation of amateur sport in our universities. The fact that Yale, until the present year, has played, and Princeton is willing to play, three closely following hard games has no bearing whatever on the case. No one will question that, did they so choose, Harvard's eleven players could sustain the wear and tear of three hard games equally as well as either Yale or Princeton; nor is Harvard lacking in sportsmanship, as the faithfulness with which her athletes have worked on the river and on the gridiron field year after year, in the face of successive defeats, fully attests. The decision *in re*—the Princeton game—is simply one of the results of a very wise policy that has been gradually dominating all athletics at Cambridge, to wit, that sport is an incident to undergraduate life, and not its principal feature.

Harvard's position is an advanced, let us say enlightened, one, and is certain to be followed by Yale and Princeton. Indeed, Yale has already followed it by declining to play a game with Pennsylvania this autumn; and while Princeton is willing to meet Harvard, Yale, and Pennsylvania this year, she would not—indeed, could not, in justice to herself—repeat the experiment in 1895.

AS FOOTBALL IS PLAYED TO-DAY, it is not reasonable to expect four teams so evenly matched as Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and Pennsylvania to play one another in the last three weeks of November. They simply cannot do it and maintain their standing as students in their respective universities. Possibly it might be accomplished by the players throwing aside all thoughts of their classes and devoting themselves exclusively to football, but surely no one will advise such a departure. That Yale played all three successfully for so long a time is a handsome tribute to her marvellous football skill, but each year the game has grown harder and made greater demands on the men, until even Yale at last has recognized the impossibility of continuing so difficult a schedule.

In the days gone by, when the Pennsylvania game was regarded merely as good practice, the problem was simple; but it is no longer only a question of how many points will be scored on U. of P.

Pennsylvania to-day plays too good a game to be regarded as practice only, and is too important a factor in the university and athletic world to be ignored. Therefore the question presented for solution is—here are the four most skilful exponents of modern football, the all-round meeting of whose elevens every year is a perfectly obvious impossibility, and what are they going to do about it?

THUS THE SITUATION IS VEXATIOUS, with only two certainties—*i.e.*, first, that two hard games are enough for any one eleven to play; second, that natural rivalry and tradition demand that nothing shall interfere with an annual Harvard-Yale game. This leaves Princeton, the present champion, and Pennsylvania to be provided for. A triple league that would ignore Pennsylvania would not be sportsmanlike, in the first place, and not secure Harvard's support, in the second. For Yale to play Princeton every year and not Pennsylvania, while Harvard played Pennsylvania and not Princeton, would be highly unsatisfactory; while to leave the matter open for each year's adjustment would result in unpleasant and undignified scrambling by Princeton and Pennsylvania for dates with either Harvard or Yale, or both. It might be arranged that Yale would play Princeton one year and Pennsylvania the next, Harvard meanwhile meeting them turn about in the same manner. But it seems to me the wisest and best plan would be an arrangement whereby the winner of the Harvard-Yale game would meet the winner of the Princeton-Pennsylvania every year. In this way there would be three grand annual games, with no occasion for squabbles, and the better teams meeting in a final that would give the highest distinction to the winner.

THE YALE-PRINCETON DISAGREEMENT over the date and place for their game is most unseemly, and has revealed a deplorable misconception by undergraduates and newspapers of the spirit which originally prompted the suggestion. The question of eliminating the hippodrome features of the game has been continuously agitated for the past two years, but neither the Yale nor Princeton manager seems to have appreciated the wishes of his *alumni*, nor the best interest of football. Gate receipts have not entered into the consideration at all, and it only emphasizes what I have written of the chase after the almighty dollar to hear that argument now dragged forth. Those that have the best interest of college sport at heart want to see all college contests on college grounds. Pending that much-to-be-desired change, which must come about eventually, they want this Yale-Princeton game, if in New York, not played on a holiday, when all the rabble flock to the scene to give it the coloring of a Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and spend the night in debauch, floating the colors of the winning college.

If not played in New York—as they much prefer—there is no objection to the holiday. Thanksgiving, indeed, enters into the question only so far as it is a holiday, and attracts the undesirable elements of the city. This year December 1st is the day if played in New York; but if on the Columbia Oval, for instance, there would be no objection from a sportsman point of view to Thanksgiving day. Yale naturally would prefer December 1st, wherever played, as giving them a week between meeting Harvard and Princeton, and there seems to be no good reason why the date should not be conceded. There may be a few young and hot-headed undergraduates at Princeton that would wish to play Yale even the day following Springfield, but if I know the Princeton spirit of sportsmanship, the student body and *alumni* would not wish to stand for so small an advantage over a rival team. Every sportsman would much rather meet his opponent on even footing.

On the other hand, December 5th is an extreme demand on Yale's part, as giving them more than the needed rest, and putting the game too late in the month. December 1st and Manhattan Field will probably be the date and place, though it is a pity Columbia Oval could not have been made ready.

The Princeton-Pennsylvania game, the site for which has also been a matter of controversy, will likely be played November 10th, and at Trenton if the field can be made satisfactory; if not, at Philadelphia.

Both of these controversies should have been left to the University Athletic Club as referee. Some day college-men will awaken to the wisdom of considering that club as an athletic mentor. When that day comes we shall have an end to these infantile and wearisome disputes.

ALL HARVARD MEN, and every last one of her well-wishers, will rejoice in the final inauguration of a fixed coaching policy on the river. Robert C. Watson, '69, has been appointed by the Athletic Committee to coach the eight for three years, so there will now be an opportunity to give one stroke a fair test. Harvard has been fortunate in having this year two such captains as E. H. Fennessy of the crew, and Robert Emmons 2d of the eleven, by whose good judgment and persistent appeal a system has at last been established in Harvard's football and rowing.

THE THIRD WEEK OF OCTOBER ended last Saturday with Cornell having earned all the honors. Whatever her football lot may be hereafter in '94, nothing can dim the glory she achieved by scoring a touch-down on the champion eleven, and by playing the best game of any college so far this season. Cornell deserves all the athletic honors her teams win. They labor under many disadvantages, and I have yet to see one that failed of pluck or good sportsmanship. This year her eleven has been coached by Marshal Newell, the ex-Harvard tackle, and he has developed such a team as Cornell never before had. Two years ago, the last time they met, Princeton won, 46–0; last Saturday the orange and black won by 12–4.

It cannot be denied, of course, that part of Cornell's success on Saturday may be attributed to the fact that Princeton's forwards seem, with one or two exceptions, not yet to have got down to their best work, and that back of the line the situation is decidedly unsettled. But that does not alter the fact that Cornell played skilful, snappy football. She lined up without delay, the signals were given quickly, and the men got into the play with a purpose. They are weakest in the centre and at right guard and tackle; but the entire left side was strong, and the right end played one of the cleverest games of the year. Back of the line Ohl at full played a great game, his return of the ball while on the run being exceedingly clever, while Wykoff at quarter and Starbuck at half are players of much promise. In fact, Captain Warner, Freeborn, Taussig, and Ohl have few superiors in their respective positions. Cornell's strength lay in her breaking through and tackling, what miserable interference Princeton had being readily broken up, while the line seemed unable to resist the plunging of Ohl and Starbuck. Cornell will give Harvard a hard tussle next Saturday.

AS FOR PRINCETON, it was hard to believe that her line, with the single exception of centre, was the same which against Yale last Thanksgiving day stood like a rock or broke through like a whirlwind. With the exception of Wheeler and Brown, not a forward played near his form of '93, and all showed the want of hard work. Loggy seems best to describe their play—too much avoirdupois, and, I fear, too exalted an opinion of what they can do when the occasion arrives, appear to be the trouble with Princeton's veterans. Centre needs a lot of schooling to fill that position satisfactorily.

Behind the line Princeton is at sea, evidently. If Saturday's exhibition is the best Morse can do, he is certainly not the man for quarter. The more I see him there, the more I prefer Poe, who, while lighter, has a good head, is a fierce and certain tackler, and if slow in getting the ball back, no more so than Morse against Cornell. Morse will be an irreparable loss at half-back, and no greater acquisition than Poe at quarter. Barnett played his best, and really a very good game, on Saturday. McCormick was brilliant at times, but appeared on the average to lose as many yards as he gained. The best of Princeton's ground-gaining was done by Wheeler and Barnett. It seems a pity McCormick cannot be steadied and taught to tackle, as he might then be developed into a full-back, where Princeton sorely needs a good man. Burt kicked only fairly, not giving his ends time to get down field, and seemingly was utterly unreliable on tackling. It really looks as if Princeton had best put Poe at quarter, with Morse and Ward backs, and make a supreme effort to develop a steady, good-tackling full-back out of either McCormick, Burt, Tyler, Reiter, or Edwards. Princeton had better get earnestly to work if she hopes to win from Pennsylvania November 10th.

THE YALE-ORANGE GAME, 24–0, showed Yale, on the whole, to have made some improvement during the last week, though a large part of the snappiness on Saturday was due to Butterworth, who did not play a week ago against Crescent. Had Thorne been behind the line instead of Jerrams, there is no doubt the score would have been larger. De Witt played even better than during the week, and seems to promise well for his position at right half. He runs and starts very quickly, quicker than Butterworth even, and is the wiry kind of player who trusts more to his own abilities than to the holes of the rush line or the interference of the backs—a failing he must correct. Bass was a somewhat weak punt in Hinkey's place, but the man who gave Orange more ground than any other was Chadwick, at right guard. To be sure, he had a strong man against him, but nevertheless the remarkable way in which the Orange team made five yards at a play, and that, too, time and time again, through him, was noticeable not only to Hinkey as he lay on the side lines, but to the spectators as well. McCrea was put in at right guard in the second half, and Orange gained no more ground at that point of the line. Murphy at left tackle was a much-needed man. He played the best game in the rush line, and no gains were made through him during the entire game. He was given the ball a great deal also—one of the common plays being to make a quick dash after a fall or after some long run by sending him behind quarter and through Murray's hole. Murray at right guard did better than usual, also, though he is slow in his movements, and slow in getting into, or rather in keeping in, the play after it has started. He makes moderately good holes, but seems to consider his work at an end therewith.

IT WAS WELL FOR YALE that Butterworth played, for, besides captaining the eleven exceptionally well, he was the only one who could gain ground in tight places, and there were two or three such during the first half. One feature of this game is worthy of careful note, since it suggests the policy Yale is pursuing, and a policy which will no doubt be generally adopted. During the first half Butterworth kicked but little, and ran when he had a chance, he and De Witt doing most of the latter. In the second half he kicked more than Yale or any other college team has kicked this year. In fact, the ball was in the air a refreshing number of times. Yale men were not "playing off," by any means. It was simply a change of game, and shows that Hinkey is planning for either. This kicking game, with its long punts, its attempt to catch the opponents on a muff, and its frequent tries at goal from the field, seems to fit the new rules and the new system of play admirably, and if it is really adopted, even in part, it will materially lessen the number of accidents, at the same time that it will open the game and make it far more attractive from the side lines. Hickok and Greenway both showed a nearer approach to their form, and Stillman bids fair to excel his '93 record. With the exception of quarter, the Yale team is very likely settled upon—Stillman, Hickok, McCrea, Murphy, Beard, Hinkey, Greenway, Butterworth, De Witt, and Thorne. With both Morris and Adee laid up, Yale is in hard luck, for though Fincke seems to fill the requirements in every other respect, he is the slowest man on any field in getting the ball back. However, he may work into more speed.

HARVARD SEEMS LEAST ADVANCED, at present writing, of the large universities, due chiefly to the unsettled condition of the forwards, and accidents to backs. Now that Mackie, Waters, and Acton are assured, however, and the bruised are recovering, we shall look for much better play. The game with Cornell next Saturday will be the first opportunity of testing Harvard's actual strength.

PENNSYLVANIA'S LINE IS BECOMING STEADIER with every game, that against Lehigh being by far the most pleasing. Substitutes were put in against Crescent, and could not stop the latter scoring twice, though winning by 18–10. More of Pennsylvania anon. Crescent has a very strong line and two fast backs. Orange also is strong in the line, and especially at quarter and full-back, and the game between the two will be close.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

NOTE.—The comment on golf, referring to the illustrations on page 1029, is unavoidably postponed until next week.

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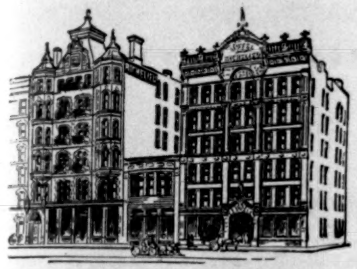

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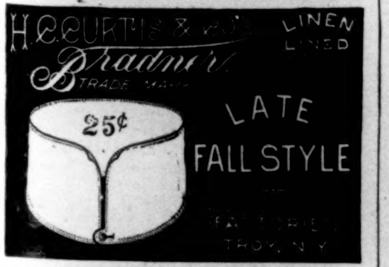

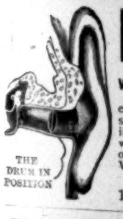

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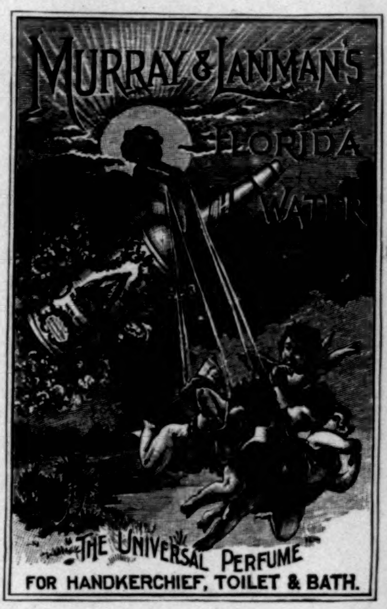

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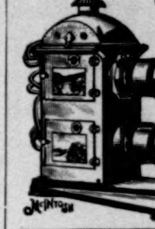

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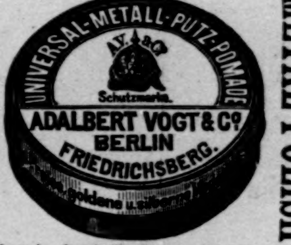

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